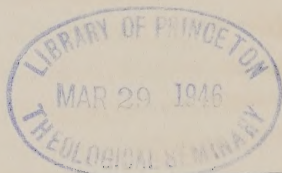


MY LIFE

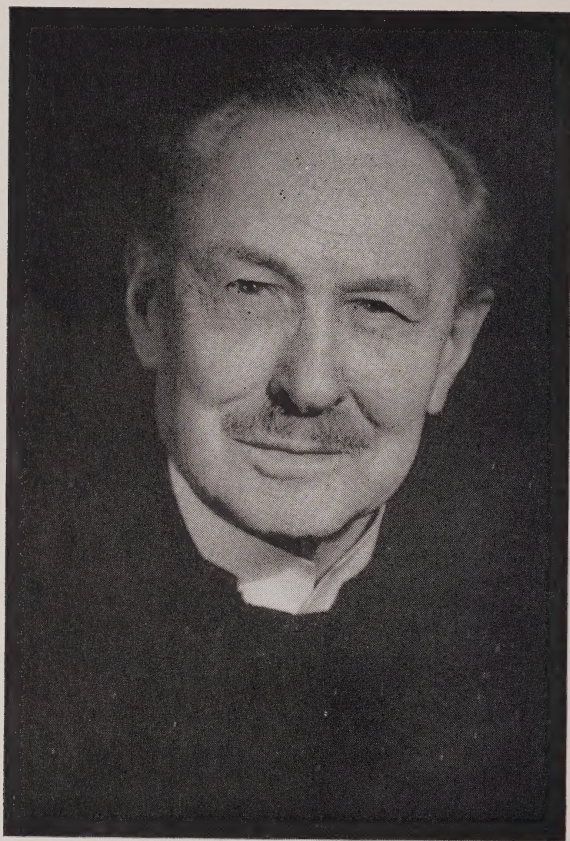
William Dallmann



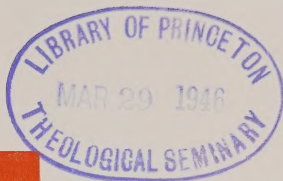


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Dallmann, William, 1862-
1952.
My life





William Dallmann



MY LIFE

William Dallman

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF A LUTHERAN
MISSIONARY, PASTOR, CHURCHMAN, LECTURER,
AUTHOR



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FOREWORD

O little booke, thou art so unconning,
How darst thou put thy-self in prees for drede?


Old Chaucer's fair question deserves a fair answer.

Repeated requests of fond friends for the story of my life were laughed off as utterly absurd. Then the Literature Board of Synod "questioned me the story of my life." They urged I had been in the thick of our English work from the beginning and therefore able to picture the work that might otherwise remain unwritten. Merit to the argument could not be denied, and so a very reluctant consent was given, though Luther said it was very hard to write history. And so, like Lincoln, "with malice towards none, with charity for all," with Othello "I will a round unvarnished tale deliver . . . nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," and say with Chaucer: "Go, little booke! go, my little tragedie!"

The gentle reader will ever kindly remember whom to blame for the performance.

December 22, 1944

W. D.



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CONTENTS

FOREWORD	V
PRE-COLLEGE DAYS	3
AT FORT WAYNE	11
AT ST. LOUIS	23
IN THE OZARKS	36
IN BALTIMORE	50
IN NEW YORK CITY	76
IN MILWAUKEE	89
PUBLICATIONS	107
IN EUROPE	122
IN OAK PARK	143

MY LIFE



W

D

Pre-College Days

IN GERMANY

I WAS born on December 22, 1862, at Neu Damerow in Pomerania, Prussia. "I do not remember this, but I believe my parents," Luther wrote Spalatin, and I must write the same.

My father was William Dallmann, who married my mother, Friedericke Neumann, in 1849 and gave her a hymnal bound in black velvet. I was named Charles Frederick William for the "Red Prince," under whom my father served as a soldier.

We moved to near-by Stargard. At Christmas my brothers and others raced around the table playing tag with knotted handkerchiefs. I was still in my cradle and thought it was a real man-murdering war, and as a good pacifist I let out a good-sized pacifist yell and stopped the war, for which I got very black looks.

In church a loud voice; what was it all about? "Hush!"

I liked picture books then, and I like them now.

A birthday and potato pancakes!

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for tonight!

I joined a crabbing expedition, and we boiled our harvest of the deep. Why did the greenish-gray crabs turn red? I wondered. Still wondering.

Stargard was a garrison town. The king's birthday; great celebration; I was run over on the crowded main street by a vehicle, but a little thing like that did not keep me from keeping on celebrating in front of the illuminated arsenal.

With my paper helmet and wooden sword I volunteered as the mascot and proudly goosestepped behind the drilling regiment.

To America! My pet cat, yclept Peter, was torn from my loving arms and given to the postman, and Germany was minus a broken-hearted lad, and the stork on the barn looked gravely down and wondered what would become of the tyke.

Hamburg. The good ship *Bavaria*.

A good sailor, good sea legs, no sea sickness all the voyage. The passengers watched sharks. I tiptoed, craned my neck, and strained my eyes, but could see no shark; in impotent rage I danced a tarantella, St. Vitus, or something — the only time I ever danced.

AMERICA

New York! We landed in Castle Garden, where P. T. Barnum presented Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale.

Chicago, Canalport Ave., between Union and Halsted, at Mrs. Diener's, whose Traugott built Immanuel Church on Ashland Ave. at 12th Street, now Roosevelt Road, and whose William became a parish-school teacher.

As the little busy bee improves each shining hour, I on the same day began the study of English in a most practical

way. The first word I learned was *candy* — by eating it — and I liked it. The second word I picked up from a playmate, for which I narrowly escaped a whipping. Queer language!

We moved into Mark St., now 19 Pl., into good company. “Prophet to the right, prophet to the left, the worldling in the middle.” To the right Dr. Miessler, former missionary among the Indians in Michigan, and to the left Teacher Schachameyer, future father-in-law of Vice-President Jacob Miller of Fort Wayne.

We attended Immanuel at Brown and Taylor.

I saw Zion Church go up at 19th St. and Johnson, now Peoria, Pastor Anton Wagner.

The public school was the “Irish” school, and so I was sent to the “German” school, the Christian day school at 21st and Union.

Having been taught my letters at home, I got along perfectly till the end. After *z* came *ch* and *sch*. I pronounced them as I had been taught, and both times the teacher thumped my nose on the desk and said they must be spelled out. I was bewildered by the teaching and by the brutal treatment. Little Luther one day got fifteen stripes for not knowing what no one had yet taught him, but I went him one better, I was punished for being wiser than my teacher — then already.

Every time I think of my first day in school my nose begins to hurt.

ON A FARM

To a farm four miles west of Papineau on Beaver Creek near where it empties into the Kankakee River. Good skating, boating, swimming, and fishing, even spearing fish by night.

The joys of horse racing!

Strawberries, blackberries, plums, grapes, hazel nuts,
hickory nuts, black walnuts for the picking!

Boiling sorghum into sirup — sweeter than the honey of
Hymettus.

Jones' apple orchard with the Bell Flowers, more de-
licious than the touted apples of Hesperides!

Roasting ears, sweeter than ambrosia.

Buttermilk right out of the churn — who envied the gods
their nectar?

A long hike to the public school.

Across the road we picked nature's own chewing gum,
finer flavor than Wrigley's.

No Lutheran church, and so to an English Sunday school,
where we lustily sang the martial

We're marching on to Zion,
We're marching on to Zion,
We're marching on to Zion,
The beautiful City of God.

I drew books and read:

The redcoats merrily crossed the sea,
And the world cried out in wonder
At the sound of the drum and the trumpet's glee
And the cannons' brazen thunder,

but what the thunder was about I do not recall.

Again: The Fifth of November, the Fifth of November,
The Gunpowder Treason and Plot;
There is no reason why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.

And so it was not forgot, after all these many years.

In my Bible my hero was the fighting Judas Maccabaeus.

I read about Mrs. O'Leary's cow and the Chicago Fire

and about the Franco-Prussian War. And later I read a Frenchman explained the debacle of France — while the French sang smutty songs the Germans sang hymns! Which made an impression.

BACK TO CHICAGO

and the Christian day school, where the motto seemed to be: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." I never felt the rod for laziness or misbehavior, but did feel it three times during one noon hour. Here's how: We were ordered to sweep the room, first the boys and then the girls. Fair enough. After the boys had done their part, the teacher said they had to do it again, the girls didn't have to sweep. I made off, a posse brought me back, rod number one. The teacher stood by while I swept half the room; he walked off, I made off, a posse brought me back, rod number two. The teacher stood by till I had swept to the door, he walked off, I made off, a posse brought me back, rod number three. A youthful martyr to principle. I submitted to superior force. "My head was bloody, but unbowed."

Anderson's U. S. History, first sentence:

"Columbus was a native of Genoa, Italy."

"Dallmann, what is a native?"

"One who is born there."

"No! native is neighbor. Columbus was a neighbor of Genoa, Italy."

At the yearly school picnic there were always too loyal subjects of King Gambrinus "for the good of the Church!" Though I felt no wings sprouting, I was filled with deep disgust.

I had friends in Pastor Engelbrecht's St. Matthew's

Church, at 21st and Hoyne, whom I visited by simply jumping a freight. One of these friends became the wife of Pastor Kuntz, the friend of the blind.

I passed Pullman's palace and at the foot of 18th Street had aquatic sport in the white caps of Lake Michigan.

Hockey on a slip of the Chicago River. My club got entangled in Heinie's long shawl, he was jerked down, he crashed on the back of his head, he lay stiff as a corpse. I felt like Cain and was about to become a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth when at long, long last Heinie stirred. I thanked God and took courage. No more hockey that day.

I caught the public library habit and devoured everything from Deadeye Dick to Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Three boys got it into their heads it was their patriotic duty to do something for their country and go west and fight Indians. Before the time appointed one of the trio quarreled with his mother on a Sunday morning, found the other, but could not find me, who was in church. The twain marched off. They slept in a haystack. They woke up minus their money and revolvers. One beat it to California, and the other boarded a Mississippi steamer and in time circumnavigated the globe.

IN IOWA

When Pastor Anton Wagner confirmed me, he urged me to become a minister, but the thought was too awesome, and I went to Arcadia, Iowa,

For to plow and for to sow,
For to reap and for to mow,
For to be a farmer's boy.

In the leafy month of June I broke thirty acres of prairie land, and the red roots often knocked the plow handles against my ribs. After the joyous time of harvest I cut the bands of the golden sheaves and also an ugly gash in a



Confirmation Picture

finger. The scar I still proudly bear as a veteran of the peace, in which I did my bit to help make Iowa a great State. Milton holds "Peace hath her victories no less renown'd than war."

In winter I attended school taught by Mr. Thomas, an

Oxford man, walked two miles, walked when the snow covered the fences, walked when no one else walked, not even the teacher, though he boarded near the school, and walked home. From which I infer it must have been cold, though I hadn't noticed it.

On an election day I saw men led to the booth, given a ticket, then led to the drug store and paid with a dram — dramatic spectacle for a young American.

Friends took me to church, but heeding the warnings against Reformed I remained outside. "Friend up to the altar."

Later a brother came, rounded up neighbors, got Rev. Guelker to preach at times, got a Springfield student for a year. A congregation was formed, a pastor called, and a church built at Arcadia.

On Pastor Wagner's urging to study I weakened. He wrote on Nov. 1, 1877: "My dear William! It gave me great joy to hear of your resolve to study. . . . I have written heartily to Director Hanser and doubt not you will be received even now. . . . I hope you will study in the fear of God in order to be able to serve the dear Church of Jesus Christ. Pray God for a humble and God-fearing spirit, be a joy to your professors and an honor to the institution." God bless him!

My father gave me Walther's *Gospel Postil*. Anything wrong educationally with the idea of giving a future preacher a book of a great preacher?

At Fort Wayne

I CAME to Concordia College shortly before Christmas and naturally was "the observed of all observers," "the cynosure of neighboring eyes." My room was next to the aula, chapel. During the study period two big fellows quizzed me, and I answered most dutifully. A shrimp in another corner kept saying: "Hush, Dallmann, hush!" but said nothing to the two big fellows who made me talk, and I resented the injustice. At last the two big fellows whispered: "Go hit him!" I promptly went and told him: "If you don't let me alone, I'll punch your face!"

Consternation! The two big fellows were only in the second class while the shrimp was in the first class and also the decurio, the boss of the room. A greenhorn in the sixth class threatening to lick a grave and reverend senior! Unheard of. My reputation was at once established on a firm foundation.

Curfew at nine for the younger boys. The four walls of the large room were lined with the beds of Quartaners, and my bed was put in the center. At ten the Quartaners tramped up the stairs. The bellwether saw the new coon in town and in a feather bed! With a wild whoop he leaped on the feather bed, and so all the herd. I believed in the

American freedom of speech and made loud vocal protests. At last the boss of the room thundered: "Silentium!" The tumult and the shouting died down, and the unholy jumpers sank into the gentle arms of Morpheus. That was my hazing, the end of a perfect day, my first day at the college of liberal arts, polite learning, the humanities.*

"One woe doth tread upon another's heel, So fast they follow," said Hamlet, and said I.

Next day at dinner my neighbor by mistake annexed my dishes, and I drew them back to my place. As luck would have it, Director Otto Hanser saw this, jumped at conclusions, showered violent denunciations on my defenseless head, and told the Primaner presiding at this table: "Heinrich, keep an eye on this newcomer, seems to be an unruly spirit!"

Burning with indignation at this injustice I marched myself into the Director's office and complained of his treatment, condemning me without a hearing! He listened to my explanation and seemed to wonder at the imp come into his flock.

On Saturday came the magnificent Ungemach to teach music. He tried my voice and excused me. So I never joined the quartet that went out Sunday nights and had a good time in Fort Wayne society.

Director Hanser sent me out to be adopted as a "wash student." The place looked like a palace. I had an inferiority complex or something and came back saying I didn't want to go to such rich people. He shook his head at his

* During vacation I traded my featherbed for blankets, to the pleasure and profit of the traders. "Chaunge be no robbry," says John Heywood.

problem child and sent me to a modest home, and I felt at home.*

The good Dorcas Society of my church in Chicago were pleased to hear Willie had gone to be a preacher and promptly made shirts for him. Acts 9:39. Willie, however, in the choicest asinine asininity wrote Pastor Wagner he did not want charity. Director Hanser heard of it and gave Willie a generous piece of his mind and tried to get it into Willie's dense dome of thought that kindness was really not shown to him but to the Savior! "Almost thou persuadest me." Acts 26:28.

Another adventure. I pronounced Canterbury correctly according to the textbook, but the Director faulted me, it must be Canterboory. I suffered in silence.

Years after I found the dear man had written on January 29, 1878: "I am glad I can report only good. He is very gifted, very eager and diligent, and makes excellent progress. It were a great pity did he have to give up his studies. The professors will all do something towards his support this year. Only pray that he remain in the fear of God."

More trouble. Between the houses of Director Hanser and Rector Schick stood an apple tree, and my classmate young Otto Hanser claimed it and sent me up to shake down the luscious crop. Out comes Rector Schick: "Do you know whose those apples are? They are mine." A facile descent to terra firma, we silently stole away, dragging our apple cart behind us.

* When these people moved into the country, I was claimed by the daughter, the wife of Police Marshal Francke. On his deathbed he asked for Willie to preach at his funeral. Deeply touched, Willie went from Milwaukee to preach the funeral.

German grammar, English grammar, Latin grammar, Greek grammar, French grammar, Hebrew grammar — well, I dutifully drudged through the necessary evil to make my classes, but my heart was with the poets and orators and historians.

I brought with me my beautiful North German soft g, and cruel Crull coldly quoted in German:

“A yood roast yoose is a yood yift of Yod.”

I felt like a combination of culprit and fool. An instantaneous cure, but it left a nasty sting.

He faulted me for using “kriegen,” and I suffered in sullen silence, for I knew it was used by good writers from Luther down. Later I found it used by Rector Schick in a sermon preached in 1858. Rector Schick and I in the same condemnation!

What is “cabal”? I knew my Macaulay and answered: “The first letters of Clifford, Arlington, Breckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale.” “Nein.” The next day he recited the same five names, but did not deign to do justice to the budding student of history.

Isn't Viehoff's *German Literature* supposed to have only German authors? Yes. Well, here is a piece that is simply a translation from a British orator. A cold, silent stare rewarded the youthful literary researcher.

He had us write a composition on Goethe's word: “There is no sign of politeness that has not a deep moral ground.” Still wondering what he expected from such immature boys. I quoted William Shenstone. “You must not quote obscure authors.” It seems even then I had my quota of quotes.

Professor Stellhorn put some Greek into us. When we

read about Zeus getting mixed up with a goddess on the thrice-plowed seed field, the professor remarked casually: "There Zeus once again committed swinery." I felt he might in a few words have pointed to the purity of Christianity.

Perhaps I had mercury corpuscles in my blood, which often got me into trouble. When there was any trouble, Stellhorn was wont to say: "Well, I suppose that Dallmann is again at the bottom of it." And he good-naturedly let it go at that. Some sneered at his threadbare blue coat, but when it was whispered he had bought a Greek dictionary for one hundred dollars (!!!), I looked upon him with reverent awe. He seemed like Erasmus: "When I get money, I'll buy old Greek books and then a new coat."

On account of the Election trouble he left for Columbus, Ohio. In October, 1880, he discussed that teaching at a large pastoral conference in Pastor Wagner's Zion Church in Chicago. Mrs. Budach, mother of Pastor Paul Budach, had guests, who would discuss things before and after meals, but young Prof. Franz Pieper would flock by himself in a corner with a book—likely the Formula of Concord.

When Stellhorn left, young Dr. Siemon, who had just come home with a German Ph. D., took his place with signal success. At a wedding Dr. Sihler and Pastor Sauer questioned me about the new man, and I enthusiastically extolled him to the skies. They exchanged meaningful glances. Dr. Siemon was elected professor of Greek.

Holding something in one hand, I climbed up the fire escape with the other; when I was almost at the top, someone called me — I looked down, missed my grip, and struck the floor with the proverbial dull, sickening thud. Some-

how I got to bed under my own power. Next morning Director Bischoff asked why I was absent from chapel. I told the story of my decline and fall. He said, "einreiben — rub," and left me. That was all the medical attention I received — less than Christian Science treatment.

Later Dr. Duemling used me for a guinea pig for some demonstration before the class and felt left ribs sticking out. How come? I explained. "You ought to be dead! You have no right to live! You'll be a great man in Synod." That noise you heard was the class giving the Bronx cheer.

Another time he entered quoting: "‘Into the secrets of Nature penetrates no created mind,’ who said that?" "Schiller!" "No, Schiller didn't say everything; Goethe." I piped up: "Albrecht von Haller." "No, Goethe." I subsided before major force. Next day he entered quoting: "‘Into the secrets of Nature penetrates no created spirit,’ Dallmann, says Albrecht von Haller." The amende honorable.

Absorbed in Sheridan's *Rivals* one Saturday night at ten, I was roused by Director Bischoff: "Time to go to bed." "Ja, Herr Direktor." He came around again: "Bedtime!" "Ja, Herr Direktor." He came around again, placed his lantern on the table, sat down, and began to chat about his student days at St. Louis. Walther was always giving to charity, but, after all, the wife had to squeeze it out of her household money.

The Presbyterian James H. Brookes told him in all his library his most prized book next to the Bible was Luther's *Galatians*.

He added some very amusing experiences in his first parish at Alexandria, Va. "But now it is really time to go to bed!" I really went to bed, 'way after midnight!

Bischoff had a heart. Once there was a slump in diligence, and he wailed: "The great are fallen! The heroes are heroes no longer!" Eyler stoutly maintained he prophesied: "Dallmann, Dallmann, you'll wind up on the gallows!" And J. W. Theiss, poet and artist, drew a poetical and artistic cartoon of a gallows and a gallows bird awaiting his deserved doom. Who would have the hardihood to doubt such evidence?

Rector George Schick, "the noblest Roman of them all," burly body, thin voice, taught Latin and Greek in the upper classes and thus held the fate of everyone in the hollow of his hand and was dreaded accordingly.

In a footnote we found the Greek letters $\kappa \tau \lambda$, and we spent the whole evening to find out the meaning — in vain. In order to head off the common caustic comment, we stole a march on him and asked him before he could ask us. " $\kappa \tau \lambda$, kai ta loipa, et cetera, and the rest." Easy, if you know how, but no one in Prima could give us a hint, and a perfectly good evening was wasted.

We began Livy, a prose writer as we thought, and read the first sentence as prose. "Wrong! Next!" and so down the line. At last Rector read it as poetry. How could we dream in that prose there lurked a bit of poetry like a snake in the grass? Much time and temper wasted.

Translate "pectus facit theologum." Easy, pectus means breast, so here goes: "The breast makes the theologian." All wrong! Next! and so down the line. Came the explosion: "The heart makes the theologian."

He did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at.

He had a heart in spite of all, and he would mellow to-



Fort Wayne Faculty

Sitting, left to right: H. Duemling, G. Schick, H. W. Diederich
Standing: F. W. Stellhorn, R. Bischoff, F. Zucker, A. Crull

wards the end of the school year and tell the graduates they were the best class he had ever had. That didn't mean a thing to us, but something did mean something to us. There was something new under the sun. Of his own free will, hear ye, of his own free will he gave us a day off! We celebrated the rare day in June by chartering a vessel from Centlivre and sailing the Maumee Main and making the welkin ring.

Dr. William Sihler, a classmate of the great Moltke in the military school, became a soldier of the Cross, invaded this country, and conquered large parts for the Captain of his salvation. He helped out at college, and when his eagle eye in his striking head detected a hole in a garment, he would demand with military sternness: "Don't you know there is a helpful Ladies' Aid to patch torn clothing?"

To keep down the cost of living, one class washed dishes; another scoured the knives and forks; a third ground the coffee; a fourth were the night watchmen kept alert by apples, sandwiches, and a can of coffee; and we never had a fire.

Classmates nursed the sick during the night. It was my turn to watch at the death of three, one being Otto Hanser, son of the Director. Good Mother Schust said she was very sorry for me. This kindly woman gave us the very best possible meals for the little board we paid. Old Swiss Sahner baked the UNXLD brand of bread, and the Sunday morning coffee cake — well, almost as good as Mother used to bake. To be sure, we were always "hungry as the grave" and needed not to "sharpen with cloyless sauce our appetite."

For the few that had no place to go for Christmas, Mrs.

Schust turned Mrs. Santa Claus and threw a Christmas party. All class distinctions were forgotten during the duration, and a good time was had by all, as the society reporters phrase it.

I founded the ΣΡΔ, Sigma Rho Delta, Society for Rhetoric and Dialectic, Declaiming and Debate, which flourished for many years at Fort Wayne and at St. Louis.

I liked that poem by William Knox: "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" When I read a devastating criticism of it, I felt rather sheepish. Then I found it was a great favorite with Lincoln, and I took courage; Lincoln and I together could defy any and every criticism.

Will Shakespeare come to town, and by sharp diplomatic practices I managed to wangle out of the majority of the professors permission to attend.

Gym? Sure! Two bars, one horizontal, the other parallel, in God's great outdoors under the vaulting sky. One summer we collected enough money to put up a brick gym — the house the Jacks built, and were we proud!

Baseball; of course, two fields.

Reading *Tom Brown at Rugby*, I liked football and introduced the sport.

The Maumee was good for skating, also for swimming as early as April first! It was good for fishing, and the catch was broiled at once.

Down the classic Maumee in the good ship "Bummer" on a frosty morning to hunt squirrels and cook them for a Gargantuan appetite!

Clay-covered pigeons baked in a hollow sycamore. Would we trade with Lucullus and the Sybarites and the gods with all their ambrosia? I trow not.

When the canal was drained for the Nickel Plate R. R., the fish naturally gathered in the holes, from which we simply hauled them out by the wholesale, but it wasn't sportsmanship.

I never won the blue ribbon in any sport, but I was a fairly good second in all — perhaps just as well, or better.

A strenuous hike gave us an extra appetite, which was appeased by a pie or sandwich for a whole nickel. Once the baker gave us a sausage sandwich and upped the tariff to a dime. When we protested the black market price, he retorted with the winged word: "Wurscht ist kei sandwich nit!" Sausage is not sandwich. Take it or leave it! What will hunger-driven boys not do? We took it. This was the benefactor of L. Fuerbringer.

"Boys are boys; boys will do boyish things," sang an ancient boyologist, and there seems to be a grain of truth in the old saw. I had my generous share of boysterous scrapes and escapades in that Boylandia.

And there was Jim Bailey, a zealous disciple of Izaak Walton. One day he hung his fishing tackle out of the window and presto! had a healthy jerk and, wonderful to relate, hooked one of Professor Stellhorn's geese! And it didn't get away. Such a fish story is not to be found in the classic *Compleat Angler*. Well, what business have geese to get out of bounds and trespass on a college campus? These had no call to guard the Capitol.

A classmate soon left. After some years he visited me. He was a traveling salesman, dressed in the height of fashion, stayed at the best hotel, had plenty of money, when in need of more he simply wired for more, and entertained me lavishly. I was tempted to go into business.

A tyke toddled across the campus into my room, and we became fast friends, and he became Dr. Enno Duemling, our veteran institutional missionary at Milwaukee.

I sat on a chair; Dr. Duemling held my head; Martin Schick held a pan under my chin; Dr. Laubach clipped my tonsils; I spit blood, and then baseball as usual. In the brave days of old they made no big fuss over a little throat cutting as they do in these piping days over tonsillotomy.

When I was hoarse, Dr. Duemling took me to Dr. De Vilbis, a throat specialist just back from Europe, who wrote: "This young man must not enter the ministry, he will die in about a year." Not dead yet — as far as I know.

Dr. Duemling advised me to enter the new U. S. Weather Bureau organized by General Hazen — good future.

Professor Diederich advised a year's life as a cowboy in Texas. Professor Crull: "Sit at the feet of the great Doctor Walther even if you don't enter the ministry."

Rector Schick: "Go to St. Louis. If you cannot preach once a week in a large church, you teach in a small classroom and become, yes, become my colleague."

I was fully persuaded after my old Pastor Wagner had given me a generous piece of his vigorous mind.

At St. Louis

THE mighty Mississippi, "The Father of Waters." The city of St. Louis. A streetcar hauled by a mule accelerated by the stubby broom of the Jehu. Liberally sprinkled with limestone dust we came to the stately Seminary, dedicated the following Sunday, amid a mighty throng, by Dr. Walther, at the peak of his power, in forty short years from loghut to palace. "What hath God wrought!"

Prof. Franz Pieper welcomed us in a Latin speech, but he spoke too fast. He meant well, and I was thankful for the compliment.

Friday night Walther's famous "Luther Hour." The slim, trim, prim Doctor in Prince Albert and the antique, high standing collar and white stock in the big chair behind the high desk. "'God fill you with hatred of the Pope!' So, my friends, Luther called out to his friends at Schmalkalden; and so I say to you, 'God fill you with hatred of the Pope!'"

The flashing eye. The vibrant voice! The thrill! I feel it still. He looked much like John Stuart Mill.

Dictation, more dictation, too much dictation. Professor Kaeppel of the Lutheran High School used my copy, passed his theological colloquium, and became president of St. Paul's College at Concordia, Mo.

Prof. Martin Guenther, the librarian, made L. Fuerbringer first assistant and me second assistant, "acting" librarian, to get the books out of storage and arrange them in the new building. He rewarded me with a number of books.

Prof. Rudolf Lange's first lecture on philosophy seemed familiar. Oh, yes! I bought Rawlinson's *Ancient Religions* and was much helped.

In Professor Franz Pieper's lectures on Romans I found Philippi very helpful. An English reviewer found this commentary the very best on Romans and Philippi's *Dogmatics* the very best.

It took a long time to get used to Stoeckhardt's broad Saxon in preaching and lecturing.

Two excellent rules in Professor Gottlieb Schaller's Homiletics: "The introduction can never be too short. The sermon always rushes toward the end."

Walther said: "Always preach apologetically, then everybody will be all ear." "Every sermon must be a work of art, growing out of the text like a stately oak out of the acorn." I thought hitting the bull's eye at every shot out of a repeating rifle is also a work of art.

After New Year the Doctor gave out the texts for our first sermons; Rom. 8:34 was my pick. The maiden effort was read to the Doctor. "Make it yourself?" "Yes," of course with the homiletical help at hand. He offered no criticism and seemed pleased. When the same sermon in English was read to Professor Lange, the theme did not suit him, "Diversity of gifts."

Early Easter Monday to town with Knut Seehuus, breakfast at the English Kitchen, on to Baden for my first sermon, in German. Everything passed off without mishap, but at

the close there was great excitement — “the sexton didn’t toll the Lord’s Prayer bell!” It seemed the whole service had been in vain. I thought I’d never let my people become such formalists.

They gave me \$1.00, which barely kept me out of the red.

On May 11 I preached for Professor Lange at Rinkelville — \$1.30. On the 18th for Professor Guenther at Kirkwood — \$2.00.

One Saturday morning I had a bar of soap in hand and a Turkish towel over the shoulder, ready for a bath, when in steps Dr. Walther! Who was most surprised? “What! You are not Orientals, forever bathing?” “No, Herr Doktor, but once a week is surely not too often.” He glared and turned on his heel. I always felt he had come out second best in the encounter. He remarked to his dinner guest, L. Fuerbringer: “In that room it did not look very theological.”

My roommates were W. H. T. Dau and J. W. Theiss.

Fuerbringer’s room was near ours, and we visited much back and forth, always good friends, faithful neighbors, and the like. One of the ties that bound our hearts in Christian love was our taste for art, especially religious pictures.

Dau and Dallmann founded a famous firm for the importation of old books from Germany and England. If it did not enrich their purses, it did their bookology. When a new batch of catalogs came, there was a lively scramble for picking prizes, made holely by fat bookworms, the holelier the better. The trade expanded to Fort Wayne and the far Northwest.

Then there were the book auctions with the spirited bid-

ding topped only by the Stock Exchange. Did we have fun! It is rumored the younger generation does not know those solid joys and lasting pleasures in those ancient treasures. O tempora, O mores! A printed bill of the Dau and Dallmann firm has survived the ravages of time and has been



St. Louis Faculty

Sitting, left to right: R. H. C. Lange, M. Guenther
 Standing: G. Stoeckhardt, F. Pieper, A. L. Graebner

sent to the Concordia Historical Institute to repose there as an eloquent witness to the days and ways long gone.

The noisy book auctions were followed by periods of silence. Luther played chess, why shouldn't we? We did. Wm. Sihler and I versus John Meyer and J. W. Theiss; we won. Just Naumann and I versus Eyler and Werfelmann; we won. Knuf and I versus Dau and Theiss; we lost.

The score of the 1885–1886 season has come down to our

times and has been sent to the Historical Institute to be viewed by future generations.

The sedentary life was followed by the ambulatory hikes along the banks of Ol' Man River and by exercises in the gym — in the basement!

The Grover Cleveland campaign infected us. Dau, Engelder, and myself, usually drab prosaics, mounted Pegasus, dropped into poetry, fabricated daily ballads, and tacked them to our door. Multitudes came and discussed them most violently, favorably and unfavorably, not the poetry but the politics.

In February, 1884, Walther let me help out in Trinity's Barry Street School for a month; and then from month to month till the end of the term when at last the vacancy was filled by Hermann Zagel, the author. The principal was Al Kaepfel, later professor at the Teachers' College at Addison, Ill. The other member of the faculty was a young lady.

Pastor Starck was lord of all he surveyed in his far-flung field in Dakota Territory, but now someone broke into his vineyard, and so he needed someone to preach oftener than this stranger. He asked Eddie Arndt, our future pioneer in China, to come over and help. He would not go and came over and asked me to go. Always of a somewhat impulsive and adventuresome nature, I went.

One Sunday I preached at Antioch, near Sioux Falls, in a schoolhouse, and the next at Calliope, Iowa, in a sod house. Not having been astride a horse for seven years, I was sore after this forty-mile ride on a herding pony, and I felt like Luther, the night rider, after his flight from Augsburg in 1518, sinking from his hard-trotting mount into the straw, tired to death.

On a return trip I nearly lost my life. The trail led through the Brule Valley, with weeds and reeds as high as a man on his mount. I was riding sideways, one foot in the stirrup, dozing along in the heat of noon, when suddenly a heron rose with a loud whir! The dozing pony was frightened, jumped to one side, threw me and dragged me some distance before I got my foot out of the stirrup. After some time I caught my pony, remounted, and rode off without a scratch. A roughrider before Theodore Roosevelt.

My host owned a section, a square mile, and thought of buying another. Harvest hands were at a premium, and I pitched his whole crop of grain.

I saw something moving in the setting sun — a cat with a pole prefixed! I killed it with my trusty pitchfork and buried my overalls for several days — a good deodorant.

I spoke unadvisedly with my lips about male and female plants, and, boy! did my farmer pelt me with a shower of fierce agrarian denunciations of my science!

A practical lesson in Practical Theology: Preacher, stick to your last or text of theology, and stray not into fauna or flora!

Walther said: "Read yourself into Luther by beginning with his polemical works, and read Luther day and night." I compromised by reading him by day — the "Christian Nobility," the "Babylonian Captivity," and the "Liberty of a Christian," the dynamic works written within a few months in 1520. A vacation theological course.

In September, Walther wrote it was high time to return.

My pitching gave me physical exercise — only this and nothing more.

My preaching from July 27 to September 7 brought me

\$16 — barely my second-class railroad fare. University of Hard Knocks. Treat 'em rough when they are young, and when they are old, they'll be used to it — and like it.

When a pastor fell sick just before Christmas, Professor Guenther commandeered me to fill the pulpit during the holidays. "But I haven't enough holiday sermons!" "Make 'em." In spite of Alexander Pope, hope for the promised collection no longer springs in my human breast.

In 1885 I was ordered to preach in the Ozarks on Palm Sunday and Good Friday near Conway and twice on Easter near Marshfield, both in Webster County.

"But I haven't sermons for those festivals."

"Make 'em!" My first venture in English.

If memory serves, I preached in most of our St. Louis churches. One Sunday morning I waited in vain for a bid to dinner. Plainly that laborer was not worthy of his hire. As I was wending my way downtown to buy the staff of life, a Good Samaritan spied me and took me to his table.

Stoeckhardt had us visit the hospitals of the city. I am very much afraid the patients did not get much spiritual comfort from the ministrations of one callow cure.

Lecturing on Inspiration and coming to the testimony of the Fathers, Walther would give me a list of the authors wanted, and I had to fetch and carry the learned and ponderous and pigskinned tomes, and thus I got my intimate knowledge of patristics. Bringing in the tomes, I found Walther a member of the invisible Church — couldn't see him for smoke from his extra superlong pipe. By and by the gleaming headlights pierced the gloom, and we saw eye to eye. How did the canary manage to live? The little giant theologian and his canary — a pretty human interest picture.

He said he thought he could give up all bad habits, and then, with a twinkle and a fetching smile: "I'm not so sure about smoking." Oh, yes, he was human.

It was not hard to master the matter of the Dogmatics. "Very good, but what are the words of Baier?" He demanded the answers in the exact Latin words. To memorize these I thought a waste of valuable time, for they were soon forgotten — at least by me.

He warned against becoming popelets. "We have no power but the power of the Word, but we *have* the power of the Word!" How evangelical, and yet how virile!

He warned earnestly against the "He said it" and "Swearing by the words of the teacher." He wanted no yes-men. He wanted no easy marks. To be credulous is no sign of being a Christian. He wanted us to stand on our feet and be rugged individualists. Appoint an "advocatus diaboli" to challenge every statement of the essayist at conference. "Everything, even the Confessions, must be drawn through the Scriptures again and again and again." Had he known the phrase, he might have bid us say: "I'm from Missouri; show me!"

He did not pretend to know all the answers. In answer to a certain question he next day personally brought me a volume of the *Realencyklopaedie*.

A bit of shrewd knowledge of human nature cropped out in this: "Some will let you preach four persons in the Trinity, but will object when you want them to open their purses."

Speaking of the difficult days of the Civil War, he said with a grim chuckle: "But we did not duck."

Referring to the Election controversy, he said of F. A.

Schmidt: "The miserable man dared contradict us." And there seemed to be just a bit of bitterness in the voice trembling with emotion.

After fifty-eight years there is still ringing in my ears the sentence of mingled modesty and conviction: "In the expression we may have erred, but with the teaching we defy the world!"

Ever busy with the most important work, Walther yet had no assistant to relieve him from routine clerical work. In order to save some time and strength, he gave me power of attorney to sign his name to the many applications for clergy railroad tickets.

The August Gasts, next to the Seminary, adopted me as their "wash student" — God bless them! August and his brother Leopold were the lithographers who made the certificates of Baptism, confirmation, and weddings hanging on the walls of our older homes.

Speaking of his early struggles, August said: "Many a week I had to pay good wages to my workers and go home without a cent."

After a service by Pastor Link my venerable host remarked: "Such a sermon our Pastor Stoeckhardt with all his learning cannot preach" — which set me to thinking.

When I had preached, he was asked how I had preached, and I overheard him: "Oh, all right." Evidently nothing to write home about.

Walther was sponsor to young Ferdinand Gast and often a guest of the family. They would seat me next to him, and he would most solicitously keep my glass replenished. When I turned it down, he fixed his big eyes on me and asked with great surprise: "What! Enough already?" But I victoriously

withstood his vinous blandishments. What a picture — the great theologian and the callow student.

Yes, Walther could relax and be quite human.

Discussing Terence V. Powderly's strike on the Missouri Pacific, they feared it as a sign of the Judgment Day. Their fears were not shared by a certain youthful optimist.

The Doctor gave a course of Sunday afternoon lectures on "The Dance and the Theater," but the young people did not crowd the gates of the temple.

It seems a social club in one of the churches got out of hand, and the Doctor was called in. He made a most convincing address, yet one unreconstructed man got up and with the utmost coolness announced: "I am not convinced; no, not at all."

On the way to a wedding, silk topper jauntily tilted back, Prince Albert open, thumbs in the armpits of the vest, the slight figure tripping along with springy step, in contrast with the heavy step of a stocky colleague.

Somehow the Doctor never made on me the impression of age, always active and lively.

It is a matter of regret to me that no photographer was artist enough ever to take the Doctor's profile, that well-formed bulk back of those flashing headlights.

A sad sight — a young mother guided the hands of her baby to applaud the scoffing Bob Ingersoll.

The famous naturalist Brehm came over and lectured on "A Christmas Night in an African Jungle": "One would like again to believe in the stories of one's childhood."

Richard Wagner's favorite singers — Scaria, Winkelmann, and Frau Materna.

Beecher scattered scintillating "Beecherisms."

On May 30, 1886, Pilot Knob, down Ol' Man River, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary. In those good old days it was hard to get someone to preach in English, and so Pastor Janzow, the Pasha of the English Mission Board, ordered me to do the work. It turned out to be a complete success, for a white-thatched colored uncle beamed: "I understood every word."

The same thing happened to Beecher, who thought it the finest compliment ever paid him.

When the calls were given out, they slated me for St. Paul's College at Concordia, Mo., but Janzow wanted me for the English work. The Commission proposed: Janzow disposed. They pinned no "Professor" on me — a good thing for me, a better thing for the college.

While some candidates were basking in the sun on the greensward in front of the Seminary, Professor Pieper and President Timotheus Stiemke came along, and the Professor pointed me out and said with a broad Pieperian smile: "That fellow thinks he's going to do English work." So Stiemke years later reminisced.

The German missionaries received calls with four hundred dollars a year; the English missionary was called at one hundred dollars less.

My vacation was to be spent in Denver, Colo., but the Mission Board feared the vacant congregation might per-



Graduation Picture

suade me to stay and so deflected me from the mountains and routed me around the lakes to Detroit, where I visited Dau and was booked to preach for Pastor Huegli on August 9. Dau and I went to Chicago, he on his way to his place at Memphis, and I to my place in the Ozarks.

Jovial Butcher Raithel of Randolph St. heard me preach



One Third of the Graduating Class, Concordia Seminary, of 1886

Sitting, from left to right: John Hackmann,* F. Brand, H. Schmidt,*

J. H. Schroeder *

Standing: G. I. Fischer,* Wm. Knuf,* E. Seuel, M. Fuelling,

Wm. Dallmann, Theo. Engelder, L. Wessel *

* Deceased

and stunned me by sending a hundred dollars — in time to outfit me for my place of labor.

E. Arndt became our pioneer missionary in China; F. Graebner, president of the theological seminary in Australia; G. Mezger, professor at the theological seminary at

Berlin-Zehlendorf; L. Fuerbringer, president of the Theological Seminary at St. Louis; H. Feth, president of our college at Bronxville, N. Y.; Th. Buenger, president, Concordia College at St. Paul; M. Luecke, president, Concordia College, Fort Wayne; A. W. Meyer, president, St. John's College at Winfield, Kans.; W. Kohn, president of the Teachers College at River Forest, Ill.; G. Weller, president of the Teachers College at Seward, Nebr.; O. Hattstaedt, professor at Milwaukee; Lamprecht went into business and became an active church worker; Theophilus Stephan became a consul in Germany.

Paul Ewh supplied for a time and on his return told us he had found help in a book by one Walther — "quite orthodox." He did not enter the ministry and later gave me his father's theological library.

Among our Norwegians were Hans Allen, who became president of the Ladies' Seminary at Red Wing, Minn.; Hove, professor of theology; Seehuus, Halland, Preus, the Korens.

Among my classmates F. Brand became Director of Foreign Missions; W. Dau, professor at St. Louis and president of Valparaiso University; Otto Doederlein a consul to Germany; Th. Engelder, professor at Springfield and St. Louis; E. Seuel, manager of Concordia Publishing House; W. Sihler, professor of German at Luther College, Decorah, Iowa; J. W. Theiss wrote poetry and painted California; L. Wessel, professor at Springfield, Ill.

Mrs. Felicia Hemans wrote:

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount and stream and sea.

In The Ozarks

THEODORE BROHM studied English in Germany, taught in the log hut college in Perry County, Mo., and on January 1, 1843, preached the first English sermon in our circles to a large number of farmers and was invited by the Presbyterian elders to preach in their church. But, as John Heywood said: "One swallow maketh not summer."

In the early sixties Dr. Walther tried hard for an English church in St. Louis, but failed.

Lutherans moved to Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee before the Revolution, and in time some of their children moved to Missouri and to Arkansas.

Far from home, they sought contact with the Missouri Synod. In August, 1872, Professors Walther, F. A. Schmidt, and others held a free conference with them at Gravelton in Wayne County. Walther's theses were adopted, and Pastors Andrew Rader, J. R. Moser, and Polycarp C. Henkel formed "The English Evangelical Lutheran Conference of Missouri."

The Conference at St. Paul's, Webster County, in 1876, regretted that Professor F. A. Schmidt's removal from St. Louis to the Norwegian Synod "would place him where he would not be able to do for his English friends as heretofore."

The sixth convention, in 1877, at Hindsville, Ark., regretted the absence of the "Missouri" brethren; it seems they had not been notified.

At the seventh convention in Zion, Caster, Bollinger County, in 1878, the Rev. Irenaeus E. Rader read his translation of "The Constitution of the Synodical Conference." The brethren regretted that the members of the Synodical Conference "have failed for the three last sessions to favor us with any aid or at least one counselor."

At the eighth convention, in 1879, at St. Paul's, Webster County, Professor Martin Guenther and Pastor Charles L. Janzow were present, and Conference asked the Western District of the Missouri Synod to send a delegate to the meetings of the Conference.

The German brethren ridiculed Janzow so severely for his work for the English cause that he quit; it was only on the earnest plea of Walther that he carried on. He was elected Visitor, and the Western District voted all missionary expenses.

In September, 1886, I was ordained in St. Paul's, near Marshfield, the Cyclone City, in Webster Co., Mo.

The thirteenth convention at St. James, Barton County, in 1886, thanked God for "the signal success attending the mission work within bounds of conference" and appointed Pastors A. W. Meyer, I. E. Rader, and Secretary Dallmann to plan for Conference to join the Missouri Synod as a separate English Mission District.

I wrote the petition, but Synod at Fort Wayne in 1887 refused it, advised us to organize an independent English synod, and promised to send us their English-speaking members — a very serious blunder, I said.

Accordingly the fourteenth convention at Springdale, Ark., appointed Pastors Meyer and Dallmann to draft a constitution for a general body, which appeared in the *Lutheran Witness*, Vol. 7, No. 5.

Though just out of the seminary, I was ordered by the Pasha to Barton County to conduct a case of discipline. To this day I do not know in what capacity I acted, but I acted, and the case was promptly settled, in fact so promptly as to amaze the Pasha. The Bartonians seemed satisfied, and one admiring rustic allowed: "You would have made a good lawyer." There must have been some talk of calling me to Barton County instead of Webster County, for the Bartonians complained: "We have been euchred out of you."

My parsonage was a little shack that held a tabloid table, a chair, a stovelet that scorched the coverlet of the bedlet, a wardrobe consisting of a few nails in the door; there was a small window and very good ventilation — often the first of the daily dozen was to shake the snow from my blanket.

Meals with Rev. Andrew Rader, whose invalid wife had a daughter of twelve do the cooking.

Later my host was Mr. Aleck Butts, a half-breed Indian, whose wife was of German stock. This Cornallis — Cornelia? — took care of her husband, two young daughters, cows, pigs, chickens, and a garden. She spun wool into yarn, knit the yarn into socks, mitts, caps, underwear, bed clothing; wove the yarn into cloth on a homemade loom, tailored the cloth into clothing for the family, and was always cheerful. What she did in her spare time I never found out. Impish Aleck poked fun at his rib: "She goes out catch a chicken; when out breath she comes in and makes the gravy; then she chases the chicken till that is out

of breath." Begging pardon of Master Will Shakespeare: "Versatility, thy name is Cornallis! She was a woman, take her for all in all, I shall not look upon her like again." Aleck had two girls, and his pedagogical philosophy was quite simple: "A boy ought to have a licking whether he needs it or not."

He called the country "hard scrabble, two rocks to one dirt." The people were as poor as the soil. A Swiss saw corn in a crib. He bit. Stung! The corn had been borrowed, for the farm hardly grew weeds.

If you had no washpan, you went to the creek, where you had running water. If you could not afford a tin cup, you hollowed out a gourd and had a graceful and beautiful drinking vessel.

A skeletonian brought his scant crop in a rickety gig and said with all his heart and soul: "Now I'll buy some al-co-hol!"

An Ozarkian felled a big tree, with long labor hewed out of it a railroad tie, used a team and wagon to haul it to town a long way, and got twenty-five cents. "It's pretty hard if you have to make a living that way." "I don't have to: I can starve." Eloquence is breviloquence.

In some cases the whole family slept in one bed, and the visiting pastor shared the hospitality.

The neighbors would gather for a social evening around the blazing log in the open fireplace and amuse themselves by eating apples, and eating more apples, and still more apples — Ben Davis apples, large, beautiful, but woody. Many women "dipped" snuff and chewed it, smoked Missouri Meerschaum — corn cob to you — and spit into the

open fireplace. The tobacco was home-grown Hill Side Navy or Killmequick.

A minister's bride just down from a city was asked: "Do you smoke?" "No!" "Do you chew?" "No!!!" What in the world did she do?

At once I started a Christian day school — and trouble. Imbued with missionary zeal, I wish to take in a Negro girl. To my great surprise the poor but proud Southern white Lutheran Christians rose in rebellion. Why? Negroes are not human beings. No? No, for they have no souls. That so? Yes; a surgeon in Tennessee dissected a Negro and found no soul. Against such dense wisdom even I fought in vain. Here in my young life was a problem of psychology, sociology, economics, and what have you bundled tight in a Gordian Knot. With Alexandrian resoluteness the knot was hewn in twain — segregation. The Negress was taught in the parsonage. By the way, she was washed cleaner and dressed neater than some of the whites.

After school, off to a visit — which meant to stay all night. My three Danish families were favorite night clubs. Reason? Reason enough — Danish cooking! Little Karen Kruse in due time became the mother of our Pastor J. L. Summers.

The people went by sun time, and as everybody was his own astronomer, each straggled along in his own good time.

When it seemed good to Uncle Jimmy, he would start singing from the "shaped notes." Men would aim their tobacco juice at the central heating plant or out of the window. Savage-looking houn' dawgs patrolled the aisle. A bucket of water with a gourd graced the altar and invited the thirsty, and the processional and the recessional were

simultaneous during the service. "Water is the best," sang Pindar.

The second Sunday belonged to the small flock at Pleasant Hill, miles away. One appointment was missed. Several inches of snow, topped by sleet, a crust of ice; at every step the horse cut himself bloody about the fetlocks; I turned back. No harm done; nobody looked for the preacher.

The fourth Sunday was given to a mission trip. Once I came home rain soaked. A native, not a member, bought me a bright yellow raincoat, of which I was as proud as the famous Chinese statesman Li Hung Chang of his yellow jacket.

I went east to Texas County and west to Sarcoxie, where a congregation was organized.

Jovial Butcher Raithel of Chicago was a periodical visitor in these parts. Warmhearted, he warmed my ears with a sealskin cap. He also gave a farm for worn-out preachers. Query: Why should not I, if and when worn out, spend my sunset days in that Sleepy Hollow?

I constituted myself a one-man lobby to get a candidate for Sarcoxie. Rudolf Lange, the professor of English, said: "Well, what we have we ought keep, perhaps, but we have no call to work in English." I got my man, but I am still wondering at my old teacher.

Pastor Janzow took me to Dr. Walther in his last illness, who welcomed me with a wan smile: "Ach, there comes also our dear Englisher."

During the winter some borrowed Dobbin carried me about, but in the spring the Pegasus was drafted to pull

the prosaic plow, and so I was reduced to Shank's mare, to join the Ancient and Honorable Order of Pedestrians.

Hearing of my plight, a friend in the Concordia Publishing House enthusiastically collected for an English Mission horse. All went merry as marriage bell till suddenly the enthusiasm withered like Jonah's gourd. Professor Blank came in and frowned on the equine project: the money was needed for Stoeckhardt's new parsonage, and, anyway, the English Mission Board had money enough for an English Mission horse. The money was returned.

This brought on a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera war. The Professor was interested in the Negro Mission and the Pasha said: You're a horse thief! In revenge I'll cut your negroes. Delicious horseplay. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

This brought the horse question to a head. The Mission Board allowed about \$60.00 for a mount, which I bought. Alexander's Bullhead shied at his own shadow; my colt scared at the sight of my white shirt. I managed to mount him, and he reared and kicked like Frederic Remington's famous bronze bronco. The women shrieked: "He is killing the Pastor!" He didn't. I conquered Pat, as Alexander conquered Bucephalus.

Black Pat was a rough trotter and shook up the innards of the rough rider, a sure cure for constipation, if any. He got me there, and he got me back.

The young preacher in his bright-yellow rain coat on his sable mount blitzed through the Ozarks, like Paul Revere or Sheridan twenty miles away, to the amazement of the mountaineers.

One morning I found the steed humped up like a drome-

dary and shivering violently with a thick coat of sleet on his back. "That is the way we do in this country." The merciful man is merciful to his beast, but the young preacher was not merciful to the old speaker. Pat got a stable.

Another member was one who had been at the seminary, ostensibly for the purpose of studying for the holy ministry, but Franz Pieper remembered him only for his unlimited capacity for absorbing unmeasured measures of molasses.

On seeing a Bible, one said: "I see you have Holly Bible's works."

In these surroundings I kept up my Greek with the New Testament and with Aristotle's *Ethics* in an edition mentioned by Dibdin.

There was Pastor C. A. Frank of the German Synod manfully battling for the English cause with his *Lutheran Witness*. Could I help? I did my bit by putting John Gerhard's *Sacred Meditations* from Latin into English. The work was almost finished when someone out East beat me to it by publishing the book.

The Rev. Mr. McReynolds got it into his Cumberland Presbyterian head "to chase the boys out of the country" and sent a challenge for a debate on the Lord's Supper. My church was the Marburg in the Ozarks. The judges were a man selected by McReynolds, myself, and a third chosen by us. Excitement ran high. Families came provided with provisions and camped round about the church to see this thing which was about to come to pass.

On the first day the battle surged back and forth, and the sun set on a draw.

The judges had agreed on a rule that ruled out sophistry.

On the second day the debate was another seesaw. McReynolds understood the "in, with, and under" in a local sense and ridiculed that. "Sophistry!" I said and greatly surprised the breathless people.

The other judges were puzzled and asked where was the sophistry. They couldn't say anything against my explanation and in a half-dazed manner upheld my protest.

McReynolds went on in the same manner, and I again cried, "Sophistry!" and after some explanation my point was upheld. So a third time, when McReynolds said he had nothing else to say.

The people said: "Dallmann held McReynolds' arms and Meyer punched his face."

Also all said: "Why, of course, we always believed there was something there besides mere bread and wine."

The "boys" were not chased out of the country, and McReynolds was heard of no more.

My people built a parsonage — could I take a hint as broad as a house?

While helping out at Trinity's Barry Street School, I met one of the teachers, and now she said, "I do."

Dr. Pieper asked: "What are you doing in St. Louis?"

"Finishing the 'End of Theology — Matrimony.'"

"Who is she?"

"Miss Bertram."

"Ida or Lulu?"

Greatly astonished: "Lulu. But what do you know about them?"

"Oh, I fondled them on my knees many a time."

Here's the explanation.

Her father's name was Frederick, who in the Civil War

enlisted on the Union side. Some prominent ladies of Trinity wore the Confederate colors in their bonnets even to church and looked down on the boy in blue. They changed quickly when he helped take Camp Jackson and thereby save Missouri for the Union.

He was a member of Dr. Walther's Young Men's Society, which helped educate Otto Hanser, Director of Concordia College at Fort Wayne, Ind., and later Pastor of Trinity, also a member of the Doctor's special "Sing Circle."

He also rented two rooms, one for men and the other for women, the beginning of Pastor Buenger's Hospital.

He married a Stein; another daughter was married to Pastor Albert Brauer of Beecher, Ill.; a third to Pastor Henry Birkner of Boston; a fourth to Pastor George Moeller; a fifth to Dr. Wichmann; a sixth to Henry Kalbfleisch. "They went like hot cakes" — perhaps they weren't hard on male eyes.

Grandma Stein kept open house for Franz Pieper, August Pieper, Anton Pieper, and others.

The Bertrams had Eugene Notz, later professor at the Wisconsin Synod's Seminary, who brought Reinhold Pieper, later President of our Springfield Seminary, John Niemann, later President of the Middle District, Buehler, later President of the California District, Biewend, who went to Boston, Wangerin, who became pastor in St. Louis; later came Emil and Theodore Saupert.

The Wichmanns had George Wildermuth and later William Rudolph, Heinicke, and George Moeller.

The Steins and Bertrams especially with their students visited back and forth on Sundays and played and sang and trimmed Christmas trees, and a good time was had by all.

From such surroundings I brought my bride to the

Ozarks. "You don't look as if you belonged to us; your face is as white as your dress," said a well-tanned sister. There was an infare. Members came loaded with eatables, staple and fancy, fresh and canned, to fill the larder of the newly-weds and had a merry holiday.

Two weeks later I had to bury my father in Chicago, and my bride was left to take over my pupils, some older and bigger than herself. She taught them long division, and her fame as a "splendid mathematician" went abroad in the land.

Soon the happy Benedick was almost a sorrowing widower. The farmer had not tightened the saddle; it slipped down; the young bride fell to the rocky ground; the horse had horse sense, stopping without stepping on the loveliness below, stood stock still like the horse of Frau Hitt in the German poem. Well, take it from me, I pulled that saddle tight, tighter, the tightest, and we rode on our way rejoicing.

On the rocky road to Pleasant Hill the wagon leaned much more than the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and we jumped out and lived to tell the tale.

A. W. Meyer and I were college mates, our wives were schoolmates, and we were good friends, faithful neighbors, and the like. They lived twelve miles across an eastern mountain — ultramontanes? We paid them a visit. A sheet of sleet covered the rocky road. Our horses had no shoes, neither had they skates. They slid and slipped, right and left, foreward and backward. At length we arrived, thankful to be alive.

Once the dole from St. Louis turned up missing; the butcher would not trust a stranger; my countenance was

fallen; a stranger asked the crestfallen, "What's the trouble?" The trouble was told. "Give me a one-day note, and you can have all the money you want." The Episcopalian banker was the Good Samaritan who lifted my face.

Luther says he tried to preach in a hifalutin manner and made a fool of himself: I was just like Luther.

Broemel wrote on great preachers from Chrysostom to Walther — "orthodox as John Gerhard and correct as a court preacher." For a time I tried to make Waltherian sermons, but at last I gave up. David could not fight in Saul's armor and chose fine smooth stones out of the brook and slang one and felled Goliath. 1 Sam. 17:40. I felt Walther's manner was not for me, and one Sunday I just followed my own manner. "The Pastor always preached good sermons, but this was the best of all!" Hm! Post-graduate school of Ozark Homiletics. I tried to follow Paul in 1 Cor. 14:8, 9, 19. I made my own Homiletics — verity, clarity, brevity, beauty.

"He doesn't preach; he talks right to you."

The blackjacks were felled, and in their place an orchard was planted. The waste land was turned into a garden, and the stones were built into a wall. The desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Is. 35:1; 55:13. A coop went up for the Plymouth Rocks, who cackled in triumph the lay of the hen. A root cellar was built like the one in *Life* on November 20, 1944, about which the editor of the *New York Times* wrote so charmingly. *Life* of December 25, 1944, pictures the "Walkin' Preacher of the Ozarks," but when I began work there in 1886, the Ozarks were much more primitive.

A Christmas tree with all the trimmings in the church to the great joy of young and old.

Geese were feather-bearing animals, but not fit to eat.

We had a roast goose for Christmas and astonished the natives. In time they learned to eat roast goose as the Chinese learned to eat roast pig, as the learned Charles Lamb tells the delightful story.

All the comforts of home, and the goose honked high. All set to live. An Ozarkian replica of Martin's and Kate's Black Cloister in Wittenberg. With John Heywood I said: "Let the world wagge and take mine ease in myne Inne." Never dreamed of leaving.

As a bolt out of the blue the black Pasha blitzed in and said: "You must go to Baltimore."

When the Ohio Synod left the Synodical Conference on account of the Election controversy, our three churches in Baltimore would no longer send their English-speaking youth to St. Peter's. Instead they sent to the English Mission Board at St. Louis for an English assistant to save their young people. Professor Guenther answered three congregations could not issue a call; one must do so, or an English congregation must be organized to issue the call. None of the churches would run the risk of calling an English assistant, and the English work was dead, as far as the pastors were concerned.

Then Philip Treide of Emmanuel asked leave to try, and with Lewis Briggeman of St. Paul's and Eddie Lang of Martini formed English Emmanuel. They sent a call for a pastor to the English Mission Board at St. Louis, and Janzow brought the call to me.

At early candlelight Janzow began to battle with the embattled farmers, but could not dent the solid phalanx, which stood like Stonewall Jackson. After midnight he made an all-out assault. "Well, I see we just have to give up our

Pastor and we might as well say yes." Even then the Old Guard would die, but not surrender.

One loving spouse allowed, "Jim, the blank baldheaded blank may be a Christian, but I'm not." She could say that without fear of successful contradiction. Yet this woman cried like a baby and wished me God's blessing.

Some of the most cherished treasures in my bottle are the tears trickling down the bronzed cheeks of those grizzled mountaineers.

Why was I willing to sacrifice my new and happy home for a most risky venture? Because I firmly believed Missouri was right on Election and should keep its young people from others.

In Baltimore

I WAS installed in Martini Church on March 18, in the year 1888.

A pastor had asked me to leave all my household goods in Missouri on account of the freight and promised to replace it — it wasn't replaced. He also said my rent would be paid — it wasn't paid.

Our three churches were never used Sunday nights, and the three large school halls were never used on Sundays, yet the little English band had to pay rent for Cook's lodge hall on the third floor of a livery stable — and I was called to save their young!

I had barely begun to work when the same pastor planned to begin English preaching — just around the corner! His members hindered that outrage.

Such was the beginning of the first English city mission in the history of the Missouri Synod.

President Schwan had said to the Baltimore pastors: "If you fail now, the English cause will be dead for fifty years; if you succeed, English missions will spring up in many places."

Well, we watched our step, and English work began elsewhere.

We had no English literature. There was a white marble General Synod church in the neighborhood; yet some people climbed the two flights of steep stairs to the hall.

Among the visitors was Rudolf Huebsch, who had been at Fort Wayne with me, but quit. Now we renewed our friendship, and he renewed his love for the work, went to the Springfield Seminary, and became a pastor. And there were three City College lads — George Romoser, later president of Concordia Collegiate Institute of Bronxville, N. Y., H. B. Hemmeter, later president of Springfield Seminary, and Martin Sommer, later professor at St. Louis.

In October, 1888, the fifth convention of the English Lutheran Conference of Missouri for the first time met in a city, St. Louis, in Pastor Janzow's Bethlehem Church and passed resolutions on the death of Dr. Walther, "the guide and director in forming the English Lutheran Conference of Missouri, having been present at its first meeting and always showing great and active interest in its work and sincerely desiring that it might grow and increase."

The Constitution of the General English Evangelical Lutheran Conference of Missouri and Other States as published in the *Lutheran Witness* was adopted, and it was resolved to join the Synodical Conference.

Pastor C. A. Frank, who had founded the *Lutheran Witness* on May 21, 1882, presented it to Conference.

Prof. August Crull's compilation of a hymnal was accepted. Dr. Walther wanted only translations from the German, but English hymns were put in.

I had to make an Order of Service. Foolish friends urged me to make "something different." In

my salad days,
When I was green in judgment,

I made something "neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring."

As chairman of the Publication Board I was condemned to publish the hymnal. I had to buy the paper, get a printer, find a binder, but no one told me what to use for money. As the natural result, the book was not a work of art, far from it; yet people eagerly bought it and thanked God.

Christmas 1888 was a fine day; the hall would be well filled. The hall was almost empty, and in the words of old Homer: "My heart fell into my breeches."

"Why, Pastor? This is Christmas! People are home with their Christmas bush and toys."

Macbeth said: "'Amen' stuck in my throat": the Christmas dinner stuck in my throat, and I sat down and gave a speaking likeness of Rodin's statue of "The Thinker." Had I come to Baltimore to harangue the people to come to hear me preach? No! They had asked me to leave my happy home and for God's sake come and preach to them; they set the place and time; they made an important appointment with me; they broke it lightly; they didn't even offer an excuse. Well, what are you going to do about it?

The catalogs of religious publishers listed nothing on churchgoing. Lord Beaconsfield said: "When I want to read a novel, I write one"; when I wanted to read a tract on churchgoing, I had to write one.

It was preached and printed — my first offense as an

author pressed out of me by dire necessity, not by the itch of writing.

The *American Lutheran Survey* hailed it as the best thing on the subject and St. Louis as a good goad for lazy churchgoers. They put it into German and into Norwegian and into Braille for the blind. Like Lord Byron, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

A family wished to join. "You can't!" "Why not? Don't you want members?" "God knows I want them very badly, but you are a Freemason, and Freemasonry is a Christless religion." "Nonsense! You don't know anything about it." "I'll find out." "You can't." "Leave that to me."

I wrote the National Christian Association in Chicago — but they might be prejudiced! The letter was not sent.

At the Enoch Pratt Library they said: "Anything Mackey says goes; it is the Bible of Masonry."

I waded through the Dictionary and the Cyclopedia, pen in hand, like a tiger trying to break through the bars of his cage. Masonry might not be exactly right, but perhaps it could be tolerated. If others could take them, why not I? My whole life was before me. If I took in lodge members, I saw a large church and all the good things of life; if not, a long and rocky road. It was my Mount of Temptation.

After trying my best to break through Mackey, I was compelled to be convinced. Masonry is a Christless religion and Masons cannot be received into the Christian Church. "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

This I preached, practiced, and printed — my first lodge tract, pressed out of me by necessity. This was the beginning of my life-long lodge fight. The fifth edition was put

into Norwegian and published by the Concordia Bokforlag in Oslo, Norway, in 1931.

Oddfellowship followed, which was also put into Norwegian and printed by Thronsen & Co.s boktrykeri, St. Olavsgt, 24, Oslo, Norway.

These tracts were delivered in Moody Institute, Chicago, and in many other parts of the country.

A man belonged to the Red Men and was surprised to learn he was praying a Christless prayer to a Christless god, the Great Spirit of the heathen Indians. "I never thought of that. My pastor never said anything about that." He kept coming and said: "Yes, I see the lodge is Christless, but I can't afford to lose all I paid in for insurance."

"You'll not lose a penny, for you've had all the insurance for which you paid. Even if you did lose some money, then it would be a choice between money and Christ." "Yes, but I'm not strong enough to leave the lodge." "Keep on coming."

One day he came and brought with him a radiant smile: "It is all over! I have left the lodge." He became a very good officer of the church, and his boy is preaching today.

Another member insisted on becoming a preacher, against my advice; he did not last long.

After some time I said: "We cannot do church work up in this hall, and we must get a church or quit." We bought the first Y. M. C. A. in America, built before the Civil War, on Schroeder and Pierce, for \$5,000 — without a dollar! I turned collector and collected a little money and much experience. A cobbler wouldn't give me even 25 cents to show his good will — he hadn't any. I was licked and said something in German. "You speak German?" cried his wife

and thrust a crisp \$5 bill into my hand. Hm! Not a cent for the church, 500 cents for German! It pays to know German — financially and otherwise.

Another woman: "I saved ten dollars for the mask ball at Christmas, but now I'm sick and cannot go, and I'll give you five dollars." Hm! Five dollars for church, ten dollars for a dance — at Christmas!

I mentioned a pastor's salary. "My cigar bill is bigger than that." Germs for a tract on *Christian Giving*.



English Emmanuel
First Y. M. C. A. in America

Two surprises. 1. The money was waiting for me. 2. "My father stopped the *Lutheraner*, didn't like Walther." The first time in my young life I was shocked to hear Walther knocked.

To New York and Brooklyn! "Baltimore can pay for a church without help from New York and Brooklyn." A wiser and sadder young man knew in his heart of hearts it was true.

On to Washington! On to Richmond! Little money, much experience.

The following year we bought a three-story brick parsonage, 922 Mulberry Street.

The second convention at St. Louis in 1891 changed the "Conference" into "Synod" and called for a second edition of the hymnal, to which I added about fifty English hymns.

I got the Common Service "By permission of the Joint Committee" from Prof. E. J. Wolf of Gettysburg, who said it was the "crowning glory" that Missouri adopted the work. A St. Louis professor, on the other hand, denounced me as a liturgical criminal for bringing that stuff into the Missouri Synod.

It has been said by them of old time: "Times change, and we change with them." I have lived to read a rhapsody of the Common Service in a St. Louis publication and to see it adopted by the Germans.

While driving me around in the historic cemetery in his horse and buggy, the Professor said: "You Missourians are right."

"I know that, but I'm surprised you know it. Then why are you not a Missourian?"

"We cannot afford it."

"I do not understand."

"Out West you started anew and could build according to true Lutheran principles. Here our Lutherans and the Reformed have intermarried for a hundred years. One Sunday the Lutheran preaches, and everybody goes to the Lord's Supper. Another time the Reformed preaches, and everybody goes to the Lord's Supper. Should we try to separate them, we would lose members."

"Well, we lose members right along; we pay the price."

"Formerly our pastors studied at Princeton and elsewhere.

Now they study at our own institutions, and in time there will be an improvement."

The General Synod was much disturbed by the Common Service, and Representative Harter of Ohio came over from Washington to the First Church to still the storm. "You may put the piano into the coal bin and the coal into the parlor; you may, but it just isn't being done."

The Joint Committee was composed of Dr. H. E. Jacobs of the General Council, Dr. E. J. Wolf of the General Synod, Dr. Horn of the United Synod of the South, and the Washington Tressel of the Ohio Synod. After finishing the Common Service they worked on a common version in English of Luther's Small Catechism.

I could get no credentials for this purely literary work — unionism? The Committee, however, let me sit in for two summers at Wernersville, Pa., and treated the youngster with the utmost kindness as if he were a full-fledged member.

Dr. Horn from the deep South had never seen a Missourian in the flesh, and so he looked me over and asked dubiously: "Are you really a Missourian?" I owned "the soft impeachment." Still wonderingly: "Then where are your horns and cloven hoof?" Sometimes it is good to get acquainted. At the end Professor Wolf said: "We might as well say it before you're dead: we are glad to have had you with us. It is surprising to see how much of Missouri we took over into our common version."

It seems to have been too common to have been commonly adopted.

The Third Commandment reads: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." In St. Louis I got this slap in

the face: "That is a slap in the face of the Lutheran Church!"

I lived long enough to see that "slap" in Wisconsin's catechism and now also — yes — in Missouri's new catechism. Longfellow said: "All things will come round to him who will but wait."

The Joint Committee also wished to get out a common hymnal, Luther's works, and other Lutheran literature in English. Alas and alack!

In the 1891 convention Pastor Frank, the noble founder and editor of the *Witness*, resigned, and I was doomed to the editorial chair.

I made a new heading for the paper, much like that of the *Lutheraner*, in order to show the unity of the spirit. At the masthead I flew the motto: "Our Fathers' Faith, Our Children's Language." Even a younger brother wrote me: "Our Fathers' Faith and also Our Fathers' Language." In the "New Course" now and then came a religious picture — "What a desecration!" I have lived to see many pictures, even secular, in, yes, in the *Lutheraner*. Times change, said some old wag.

The *Witness* gave a very brief notice of Spurgeon's death and assumed he had gone to heaven. A horrified German brother promptly administered a stinging reproof. Recently the *Lutheraner* had a whole column of praise for another Baptist. Times change.

The *Witness* carried a few ads. "Walther would have condemned that," came from St. Louis.

"A trained eye can easily detect an error." They would edit the editor. He had to protest he had to paddle his own canoe the best he could. Should anyone be obsessed with

the weird notion he can please all men, just let him in Kuegele's picturesque phrase "spread himself out on the editorial chair."

In those days of small things the editor had also to look after the business affairs and thus receive a free course in psychology.

In those good old times the editor had also very often to fill the *Witness*; contributors were rare birds. In dire despair I ran in "Sermonic Lectures on the Ten Commandments" to fill in, and encouraging letters came in.

A Lutheran Tractarian Movement began when I began the *Lutheran Witness* tracts. I drafted friend Theodore Engelder for the first one, *The Eldership in the Lutheran Church*, with a specially designed ornate cover at one cent, which made Professor Guenther wonder how I could do it.

Later a witty wicked wight warbled: "Tracts written while you wait." Still later a venerable D. D. conferred the honorary title, "Missouri Synod's Pamphleteer."

Tired of the bickerings with Ohio on Election, I reprinted the Thirteen Theses of the Synodical Conference and said: This is what we teach; if anyone says otherwise, he says the thing which is not. Yet my old teacher in Greek, Professor Stellhorn, replied with, "What has Man to Do with His Conversion and Salvation?"

During the Bennett Law fight about our Christian day schools in Wisconsin one exchange stooped to suggest we were raising a slush fund for bribery. He was shamed into making an "explanation" — a very lame one.

Theodore Schmauk was asked to stop the pin pricks and fight it out to a finish. We happened to meet soon after,

and he said he would now not send the reply he had written. There was a better understanding.

The faculty of Concordia College at Conover, N. C., went to Hickory, and Conover asked for teachers, not money. President Kuegele and myself were asked to look into the case in December, 1891.

Kuegele was timid, but I argued: "We cannot lose anything; we may gain something." He gave in, and I was stigmatized "The Father of Conover." Thus we answered the call of the South.

We saw the professors at Hickory. Of course, they did not like to see Missouri at Conover, but, of course, they could raise no valid objection.

Later one said: "I like you; you hit as hard as any, but you mean well."

At the third convention at Chicago in 1893 Synod took over Concordia College.

Mr. J. P. Baden was prospered by the Lord at Winfield, Kansas, and from his thankful heart offered \$50,000 for St. John's College at Winfield. I preferred to have the money for missions, even half the amount, but it was a college at Winfield or nothing. Synod accepted the offer with thanks at this session. The little synod with two colleges on its hands! What do with them? It could not hold both, and soon St. John's was turned over to the Germans.

Synod ordered the printing of my "Sermonic Lectures on the Ten Commandments" in book form.

W. J. Finck, D. D.: "The best work on the subject in the English language."

Herold und Zeitschrift: "Is it not a peculiar phenomenon that a German Missourian comes forth with an English book

which at once compels consideration and by far surpasses the shy efforts of the English brethren in the catechetical field?"

The Lutheran: "A Missourian classic, finely exhibiting the energy, aggressiveness, and at times combativeness of that part of the Church, in its strong and positive statements; it is also surprisingly rich in its varieties of modern form and pointed illustration. We have here the spirit of the early part of the sixteenth and of the latest decade of the nineteenth century combined in one, so that indeed the distinctive powers of a Dr. Walther and a Madison Peters are here united. Missouri is to be congratulated in having such an English representative, thoroughly up to the times, and so able to convey a true and vigorous impression of what Missouri teaching really is."

A Catholic lady placed it in the public library of her town.

Coimbatore 31. 3. 1903

I am a poor native christian working with the Leipzig Foreign Lutheran Mission Society on a monthly salary of nearly 3 \$ on which I have to support a family of four persons. . . . My humble petition is, Dear Father, to be kindly favored with your publication *The Ten Commandments* which I most humbly pray you to grant. Though I am unknown to you in person, yet I am known to you in spirit. Please favor me, your poor son and member of your Dear Evangelical Lutheran Church & faith. I humbly beg you to grant my request. I will remain much obliged & will pray for you & your family, that the Lord may bless you & all with long life and all prosperity. Expecting to be favored, with christian regards, Yr most obdt son,

Mr. N. V. Chinappen.

Later: "I went through the book and find it much useful & edifying."

A brother preached against dancing and stirred up a hornets' nest and was much stung. Out of loyalty to a

brother in distress I preached on "The Dance," and not a peep was heard. It was printed, and a Dane put it into Danish.

A young lady said: "I never could understand what the preachers had against dancing. Now I know, and I have danced my last dance."

A brother wrote: "No matter what I am doing, when the *Witness* comes, I stop short and read it and enjoy it."

Another: "The best paper of the kind in print."

A third: "The best religious paper that ever entered my home."

A fourth: "I have often wondered how you manage besides your pastoral work to keep up the *Witness* to its high level. There are papers edited by men who devote their entire time to it, merely considering the *editing*, the *Witness* need not fear comparison with them."

The venerable C. A. T. Selle, about to die, saluted me and wished me God's blessing. Such support from all points of the compass, English, German, and Norwegian, clerical and lay, helped stay up the editorial hands.

There was no longer need for one busy city pastor to edit and fill the *Witness* and so after more than four years Synod at Fort Wayne in 1895 relieved me with thanks and put the paper into the lap of the Conover faculty. "For this relief much thanks!"

In 1897 Synod in my church made me chairman of a committee to get out a music edition of the Hymnal and also chairman of a committee to get out a Sunday school hymnal, word edition and music edition.

Spurgeon liked a committee of three — with one abed and the other out of town.

During the very hot summer I often kept cool in the bathtub while examining about 3,000 hymns for a suitable collection, and then the tunes were tried out on my S. S. pupils. Synod said: "The prodigious labor expended has brought forth a highly satisfactory book." St. Louis called it the best, to be used till they put forth one of their own — which so far they have not done. Some enthusiastic brethren would even use it instead of the church hymnal.

Upon many urgent requests I set about to publish an English homiletical magazine, but on invitation of the St. Louis faculty I turned the work over to them, and since then their *Homiletic Magazine* has tried to fill the want long felt in that field.

Which reminds me of a story. A Quakeress loved to hear Arthur Cleveland Cox, but would like him much more if he wouldn't take pay for preaching. "He doesn't take pay; he pays us \$20,000 a year for the privilege of preaching to us. We were classmates, and he was the brightest in the class. Now I make \$25,000 a year, and he gets only \$5,000; so he pays us at least \$20,000 a year." That did impress the Quakeress. How much is your pastor paying you?

In time it dawned upon some the refusal of the Germans in 1887 to receive the English was a mistake. Instead of talking the matter over with the English, they simply induced an English mission to join a German District.

Some of us protested where it did most good, and the Delegate Synod declared the action of that District against Synod's resolution of 1887. The District dismissed the English mission, and it joined the English Synod.

This and like incidents led the English Synod to ask the

Germans whether the language barriers could not be removed.

Our sixth convention at Detroit in 1899 thanked President Kuegele for his faithful services and made me President of the English Synod.

In answer to our question in 1897 came President F. Pieper and Pastors P. Brand and G. Spiegel. It was held natural for German churches to seek German synodical connection and for English churches English connection.

To the eleventh convention at St. Louis in 1909 came Professor F. Bente, Pastor J. W. Miller, and Mr. N. Schuetz to treat of union. The articles of agreement were submitted to our churches. Amalgamation, so much desired by the Germans, was quite out of the question. It was now a question whether we would go in as a District.

The *Witness* asked me for an article on the question. I wrote: "Who's Afraid of Whom?" A small majority voted for union as a District.

At our ninth convention at St. Louis in 1905 Professors Bente and Herzer and Pastor Charles Obermeyer reported the German synod was now willing to receive English-speaking congregations, pastors, and teachers, respectively, to keep them within synod. This was an indirect answer to our question of 1887 and a change from their position taken in 1899.

At the twelfth convention at St. Louis in 1911 the union was effected, and the grave mistake made in 1887 was now happily rectified. The union was celebrated in Holy Cross with the *Te Deum*.

From 1887 to 1944 the German synod became quite Eng-

lish, and one District overlapping all the others from Canada to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific is no longer needed.

A father at conference remarked wearily, "Now that immigration is at an end, what is there for us to do?" Hm!

Some Missouri children were going to Ohio; the pastor said he could not look after them. I gathered some of them and began a confirmation class and preaching services in the school of German Emmanuel in Caroline Street, organized a congregation, and ordained and installed Candidate H. B. Hemmeter, later president of the Theological Seminary at Springfield, Ill.

Though a good German would lieber hang out the red flag and sell the church at auction, English services were begun at Martini, and on September 6, 1896, I preached at the ordination and installation of Carl Gaenssle, later professor at Concordia College, Milwaukee. After him I had Pastor Haertel of Red Wing, Minn., called.

When a friend moved to Irvington, I urged him to open his new bungalow for Sunday school and preaching in that new section; a congregation was organized.

On to Washington every week! A congregation was formed. Pastor Morhart was called. A glorious Fourth was spent going to Erie, Pa., to have him released.

I canvassed the eastern shore of Maryland, and a pastor was placed in Preston. When they needed an organ, I told a friend: "The Lord hath need of your organ," and straightway he sent it.

A mission was begun at Albany, and I sailed up the Hudson to install John G. Henry.

Mr. Bertram was released to Milwaukee "under one condition, that you promise to pester the Baltimoreans, Pastors Schlerf and Rudolph and Professor Mueller, till you get an English mission." "I promise." In time Mount Olive was begun and Martin Luecke called.

Some young Germans landed at Baltimore, trekked west, and came to Buck Valley, Pa. Despite the language difficulty they found no difficulty marrying the daughters of the land. Would I look after them? I would, as much as I could. I preached on holidays that fell on weekdays, and spent summer vacations teaching confirmation classes.

I traveled almost all night from Buck Valley, Pa., through Maryland to Hancock, crossed the Potomac, to catch the 4 A. M. B. & O. to Washington for the opening of the famous Briggs trial.

On hearing Pastor Luecke was not happy in Mount Olive, Milwaukee, I had him called to Buck Valley.

A lady wished to start a home for orphans and the aged. At conference it was objected: "Missions are more needed." I asked: "Can you get that money for missions?" Well, no. "Isn't it better to get the home than get nothing?" The Augsburg Home was begun in a modest way, and the Lord blessed the good work.

Some bought life insurance with a bad conscience. I studied the matter and as far as I know was the first in a conference to defend the business — not gambling, but the scientific elimination of gambling. The fathers shook their heads — in silence.

When I came to Baltimore, the aged Dr. John G. Morris politely called on me and sometimes invited me to spend the Fourth at his Lutherville with other guests. He wrote me: "One of the most pleasing reminiscences of my social life is my old-time intimacy with Rev. Wyneken during his residence in Baltimore. He was a model man in every respect, and much more might be written concerning him than has been." He spoke of the time Wyneken came to a meeting of the General Synod and asked them to be real Lutherans and caused an uproar, and he laughed heartily.

"Pastor Keyl was so straight he leaned over backward."

President S. S. Schmucker of the Gettysburg Theological Seminary was so utterly un-Lutheran that even in Germany they did not invite him into a pulpit. "I know, for I was there." They made me editor of the new *Lutheran Observer*. Profits, if any, to go to Synod, but I was to pocket the loss. Ha! ha!

In order to clear up a misunderstanding, Dr. Morris wrote me: "I intended it as a compliment to your intelligence that you so thoroughly indoctrinate your people in Lutheranism that your churches did [not] serve as feeders to the communions but that your people for the most part contentedly stay at home where they are satisfied with the spiritual nourishment furnished by the home table. In other words, that your people were not encouraged by an unchurchly liberality to roam about from one place of worship to another either to gratify a prurient curiosity or in the expectation of hearing a purer Gospel than is preached to them in their own church."

He told me:

"I have respect for the General Synod; it doesn't claim

to be strict and — with a chuckle — it isn't." Then, a little severely: "I have no respect for the General Council: it claims to be strict, but it isn't." And then, earnestly: "I have respect for the Missouri Synod: it claims to be strict and it is strict."

He presented me with an autographed copy of his *Fifty Years in the Lutheran Ministry*. The wholly unmerited kindness of this venerable father touched the heart of the youngster. One church paper wrote about "The Sage of Lutherville in love with Missouri."

He invited me to meet the Council of the Academy of Lutheran Church History. At a meeting of the Academy in Dr. Seiss' church at Philadelphia someone read Prof. A. L. Graebner's paper on the "Economy of the Lutheran Church." Pastor Walker of York, Pa., also read a paper.

Dr. Joseph Seiss praised the Common Service lyrically — begun in heaven, will be sung in heaven.

During luncheon someone asked was Seiss still preaching the Millennium? He is just wild about it, preaching nothing else.

Someone said the Reformed Church had enumerated the books of the Bible and declared them inspired. He was glad the Lutheran Church had not done so; that gave the Lutherans more liberty.

I objected that the way the Lutheran Church used the Bible shows it took the inspiration for granted as quite self-evident.

The chairman asked: "Who is that young brother?"

When Sylvanus Stall, the author, came to Baltimore, he also became friendly.

Gaunt John G. Butler, chaplain of the U. S. Senate, had a rabbi pray in his stead. That was too much for even some General Synodists. He defended himself by saying the rabbi had made a beautiful prayer.

Just around the corner from my church there was an Ohio mission, in Franklin Street. John Doermann, my Fort Wayne college companion, bread fellow, at the same table, left for Washington, and the Rev. R. C. H. Lenski came. In my study we had a conference on Election, free enough, but not towards Lutheran union. After him came Golladay, the publisher of homiletic material. The mission thought it had to close an eye on the lodge situation; in time it would not endure testimony against the lodge; it joined the United Lutheran Church. Why not?

A camel got his nose into the tent, then his whole body, and the Arab found himself outside the tent, wondering what had happened. Resist the first step! Easy the descent, hard the ascent.

I presided at a debate on Election between Pastors Kuegele and E. L. S. Tressel, compiler of a big book, *The Error of Missouri*. Tressel quoted a very long list of dogmaticians while Kuegele quoted the Bible. Both sides claimed the victory. I developed a strong distaste for such debates.

I saw the venerable Dr. Matthias Loy, some of whose hymns we have in our *Hymnal*.

To a conference in my study came William Dale of the General Synod and joined our Synod.

A call to the German church at Washington was declined.

I happened to say I liked the country. A girl heard it and wrote home about it. Soon there came a call from Accident, Md.

L. Fuerbringer came here on his way to study in Germany, but we kept him till the call to St. Louis reached him.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way,

said George Crabbe, and so said I. A way was found to make time for reading Greek with William Sihler and Hebrew with Professor Casanowitsch and to use the Peabody and the Pratt libraries, to hear concerts and lectures at the Peabody Institute and to visit Walters' art gallery and to attend lectures at Johns Hopkins University, to hear Prof. Basil Gildersleeve on Greece, President Patton of Princeton on Theism, Bishop Vincent of Chatauqua fame, Cuyler of Brooklyn, Senator Wellington of Maryland on Melanchthon and Luther, William Jennings Bryan, Police Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt, Professor Budde of Germany, the Rev. John Watson, "Ian Maclaren," and J. Rendel Harris of England. Harris said: "How things come back. I remember preaching here long ago on the parable of the marriage feast. First, Christianity is a wedding, not a funeral. Second, everybody is invited."

At the dedication of a church President Patton of Princeton preached, usually with his back to the congregation and talking to President Daniel Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University on the platform. "We preachers are like the Italian organ grinder with his monkey: he has only a few tunes, but they are new as he goes from house to house. We preachers have only a few doctrines, but they are always new to every new generation."

Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins University lectured in the Quaker meeting house on "The First Page of the English

Bible” and showed sample pages of his forthcoming Polychrome Bible, *vulgo* Rainbow Bible, and invited questions.

“Professor, just how do you know this spot of one color is from one source and that spot of another color from another source?”

“If you find ‘Jehovah’ in one source and ‘Elohim’ in another, you know they are two persons.”

“I’m not so sure the thing is quite so simple. If you found *General* Harrison in one document, *Senator* Harrison in another, and *President* Harrison in a third, would you know they were three different persons?”

“If carried out consistently, yes.”

“You say God must accommodate Himself to our human language, and so there are errors in the Bible. You accommodate yourself to your little children and speak to them in childlike language, but you do not tell them things that are not true, do you?”

“Yes, I do.”

When Mr. Crittenden lost his daughter Florence, he turned his wholesale drug business into a stock company and devoted his time and money to establish Florence Crittenden Homes, for fallen women. His heart was in the work, and how that man could plead with a tongue of fire!

Thomas De Witt Talmage came down from Brooklyn to lecture on “Good Cheer.” Of course, I went to learn from the famous man, and I learned some of his middle name. “Pa, what is the difference between a speaking trumpet and a cave?” “Son, I do not know.” “One is hollered in and the other is hollered out.” “Pa, why is bread like the sun?” “Son, I give it up.” “It rises in the yeast and sets behind the vest.”

I paid fifty perfectly good cents for these jokes on jokes, but I got my money's worth in my savage moods by inflicting the atrocious atrocities on my friends.

There was the statue of Roger Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The story goes: "How can a man of your intelligence be a Catholic?" "I have no time to bother about religion and leave that to my priest."

There was Fort McHenry where Francis Scott Key saw the Star Spangled Banner still waving over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The statue of Edgar Allan Poe almost hid behind a brick wall.

I attended a reception of President Benjamin Harrison and still feel the powerful grip of the little man.

From a room in Pennsylvania Avenue I viewed the parade and then went to hear Grover Cleveland's second inaugural on a bitter cold day.

I also witnessed the unique colorful inaugural of The Rough Rider.

I saw Cardinal Gibbons with his ascetic face and purple necktie walking the streets. In his *Faith of Our Fathers* he claims the Catholics of Maryland were the first to grant religious liberty in America.

The Cardinal is wrong.

Protestant England, which outlawed the Roman Church, would of course not permit a colony to establish the Roman Church.

George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, needed colonists and favored Protestants. Even during his lifetime "not one-

tenth part of its people were of the proprietor's creed any longer."

Lord Baltimore favored the Act of Toleration of 1649, yet the four Catholic members of the assembly voted against it, and it was passed by the nine Protestant members.

Even this Act of Toleration did not give religious liberty. "It provided that blasphemy against God and a denial of the Trinity should be punished with death and confiscation of lands and goods, and that blasphemy against the Virgin Mary should first be punished by a fine of five pounds and, if persisted in, by a forfeiture of all possessions, and banishment from the colony." — Charles M. Snow, *Religious Liberty in America*, pp. 61, 227.

I attended my first Synodical Conference at St. Matthew's in New York. On Sunday I was much tempted to hear one of the famous pulpiteers, but my synodical conscience forced me to go where I belonged as a delegate. I heard Professor Franz Pieper preach on "The Gospel, 1. A deep mystery, 2. A clear revelation." It seemed my old teacher simply stepped out of the classroom into the pulpit.

The only delegate from the English Synod, I was a member of all committees and learned much.

A Wisconsinian read his paper on "Election," which was badly battered. Another Wisconsinian said: "I told him he would not get by with it!"

I beheld the city and almost wept — we had no English preaching in all Greater New York!

I belabored friends to begin the work. English services were held in St. Luke's in 42d St., but soon they were ended. The Fifth Avenue Hall was rented, and then the abandoned

St. Mary the Virgin in 45th St. was leased from William Waldorf Astor for a hundred dollars a month. Not long after, Pastor Schoenfeld accepted a call to 88th and Lexington.

As sheep without a shepherd in the great wilderness of New York, the infant Church of the Redeemer called me; on request of my congregation the call was returned.



The Present Church Plant of Emmanuel, Baltimore

A committee came with piteous pleadings. My congregation would not release me, neither would it burden my conscience.

We were almost rid of our debt, and old Pastor Frincke said: "English Emmanuel is our best congregation."

Moved with compassion on the little flock and seeing the importance of the great field, I gave up my good church and ventured to take great unknown risks and preached my farewell on February 13, 1898.

Bookseller Harman of the General Synod demanded to know why I gave up something certain for something uncertain. Couldn't people be saved in the General Synod?

Yes, certainly, but the difference between the General Synod and the General Council was such that it was needful to keep our youth with Missouri.

A bitter cold day when I went to New York, so cold I had to keep on my overcoat in the Pullman, and the baby came down with pneumonia.

In New York City

I WAS installed as pastor of the Church of the Redeemer on February 20, 1898.

When the lease on the church ran out, William Waldorf Astor cabled a refusal to renew it; he would rent the place from month to month at one hundred dollars the month. He didn't wish to tie his hands in case he wanted to build; he built the Hotel Astor on the site.

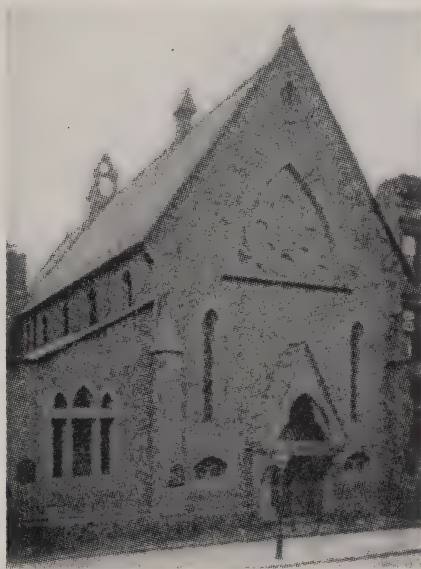
I said we cannot work under such conditions, and we must quit or get a church of our own.

I asked St. Matthew's for a loan of \$40,000, saying we could pay interest on that sum. When they came to, Pastor Sieker suggested a committee to confer with the young brother.

Two three-story brick houses on a forty-foot lot at 422 W. 44th St. were torn down, the solid granite was dynamited, there rose a church of light brick with limestone trimming and apartments for the pastor and the sexton, topped by an electric cross—"The Church of the Fiery Cross." It was dedicated January 3, 1904.

I began the English work in Schoenfeld's Immanuel Church at 88th and Lexington. Among the hearers was a lad who became Pastor Steinhoff of my mission, Faith Church in Milwaukee.

I elbowed my way into a little room in Hoboken and began a mission, which was moved to Jersey City Heights. A German brother, miles away, who claimed to be lord of all he surveyed, protested vigorously. Grace Church was



Church of the Redeemer
West 45th St., New York

organized, which called Adolf Holthusen, Braeuer, Harry Eckhardt, Paul Lindemann, and others. I preached at the 25th anniversary.

Across the Hudson from Grant's Tomb they started Grantwood, and there I began preaching in a barn. A lot was extorted from the very realistic realtors, and church plans

were made with a local builder — but — er — ahem — how about pay? I hadn't a dollar, but I looked him in the eye and asked: "Isn't my face good enough?" "I *will* take a chance!"

He didn't lose a cent. In 1902 I installed R. Oehlschlaeger. I preached at the 25th and the 40th anniversaries and am engaged to preach at the 50th.

I began a mission in Ridgefield Park and there also installed the pastor of Grantwood.

A mission was begun up in the Bronx — Golgotha, later Trinity. On September 10, 1899, I preached at the ordination of Candidate Martin Walker, later President of the English District.

After years of opposition I began an English mission in Brooklyn and in time installed Pastor John H. C. Fritz, later professor at our St. Louis Seminary.

John May studied at our Milwaukee Concordia and at Union Seminary in New York; I held a colloquium with him and ordained him, and a mission was begun at Sheepshead Bay.

When I preached at Whitestone, there was opposition: "The sects aren't heathen!"

Up in East Boston for the dedication of Pastor Wurl's church. I lost no time to lift up my voice to sing the propaganda song of English mission. They all with one consent began to make excuse and then chanted in chorus: "You'll have to do it."

I began the long distance mission and installed J. Fred-eric Wenchel. Later came Fred Pfeiffer, one of my Baltimore catechumens.

Upon the urgent request of some brethren at Cincinnati



**Church of the Redeemer, West 44th St., New York
Now Metropolitan Inner Mission Society**

I went there in the face of a strong protest from the pastor. I discussed a certain case of excommunication with the assistant pastor, who readily admitted the facts in the case and tried to justify the action. I frankly told him I would receive the brethren in question; a congregation was formed, and a pastor installed on June 15, 1902. I preached at the tenth anniversary.

Trips had to be made to various places to settle trouble — sometimes caused by the English brother.

The burden weighing heaviest on my conscience as President of the English Synod was not the extra work, but the responsibility of recommending candidates. I could feel with Luther: "I haven't the people." Pope was right: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

A call back to my old Emmanuel Church in Baltimore had to be declined.

The *New York Lutheran* was published. Some Councilite in Indiana sent a clipping from the *Lutheran* of January 12, 1905, by Editor Theodore Schmauk: "The *N. Y. Lutheran* is a bright and sprightly monthly issued in the interests of the English Missouri churches. . . . The Editor is the talented Dr. Dallmann. . . . It will be seen that the *N. Y. Lutheran* discusses metropolitan religion in a spicy metropolitan way."

The LYPS, Lutheran Young People's Society, was formed. They wanted something; I wrote something; that wasn't what was wanted; I wrote something else; that wasn't what was wanted. "What *do* you want?" "Something to make us feel good." I wrote *Lutherans First*. That was what they wanted, and they had it printed.

At the synod in Buffalo in 1901 I read *Why I Believe the*

Bible — now in its fifth edition. One Sam Van Hoff in Colombo, Ceylon, sent his thanks.

I outlined work to get Lutheran literature in English. A brother mocked: "You have given us work till the Judgment Day!" "Well, don't you want to work till the Judgment Day?"

I pleaded for devotional booklets — in vain at the time. Now we have them. At times it takes time

to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

After all, "Better late than never."

My *Christian Giving* was liked by a Christian giver: Pastor Schoenfeld gave hundred dollars to have it printed. Pastor John H. C. Fritz turned it into German, and two Bufalonian Christian givers had it printed in our Orphanage at West Roxbury, Mass., where John Eliot preached to the Indians and Nathaniel Hawthorne had his *Blithedale Romance*.

A member begged repeatedly for something on Christian Science. She got *Christian Science Unchristian*. This was put into Norwegian and into German and into Braille.

My reputation had gone on before me, and Conference asked me to repeat my paper on life insurance.

The fathers were quite worked up; yet they could bring forth nothing that held water.

The Rev. Charlton T. Lewis Englished Bengel's *Gnomon*, a learned Lutheran work still used by scholarly preachers. Later he became an actuary and in 1899 delivered the fifteen Hyde Lectures on Life Insurance at Columbia, Harvard, Cornell, and Hyde. He stated modern, scientific life insurance began with the Lutheran Pastor Suessmilch at

Breslau. Looking over his church records of births and deaths from 1687 to 1691, he was struck by certain regularities. The statistics were improved in Berlin, Vienna, all Sweden, by Sully in France, and elsewhere.

On my motion Conference assigned tracts. Pastor Sieker cracked his last joke, moving to give the one on marriage to Schoenfeld — a bachelor. "The Difference Between the Synodical Conference and the General Council" was put into my lap. I asked Dr. Krotel: Did you start your church with excommunicated members of St. Matthew's? Do you practice pulpit and altar fellowship? Do you tolerate Chiliasm? He answered "Yes" and yet hoped for union. "Not as long as you violate the 'Four Points.'"

With this firsthand information I wrote the tract. The Church Publication Society of Erie, Pa., asked leave to put it into German in 1906. Later the title was changed to *Why Not Join the United Lutheran Church?*

Pastor Knave committed a penitentiary offense and fled. Later he turned up in Brooklyn and applied to the General Council. Of course, he could not get a letter from us, and so they held a colloquium. And this was the colloquium: "Brother K., do you believe the General Council is a rotten body?" "No." "I move to receive Brother K." Received. How do I know? He told me so.

Prof. E. G. Sihler of New York University invited me to dinner and then read a paper, which was discussed. I was enthusiastic and urged him to write more chapters like that, he would be helpful to studious pastors. He published *Testimonium Animae*.

Breitweg und Priestergasse — Broadway and Rector Street to you — at the southwest corner there once stood the Lu-

theran church, where the pastor preached so loud as to disturb the rector of Trinity across the street.

When long ago the young people asked for English preaching, the conference up the Hudson told them to go to the Episcopal church, that is the Lutheran church in English. Two whole congregations went over in a body. Zion and St. Timothy still have the Communion service given by the Lutheran Ladies' Aid; the sexton showed it to me.

The wealthy churches in Fifth Avenue had their well-supported missions on the East Side and on the West Side, which drew some of our people. The Rhinelanders — former Lutherans, now Episcopalians — built a fine church and parsonage and parish house furnished for all kinds of schools, clubs, etc., etc. The rector said: "I grant you it makes a great difference whether I can say: 'Come, for all things are now ready,' or whether you must climb stairs and beg for money to build a chapel."

Was he telling me?

Didn't I learn that truth by bitter experience? Our only salvation is to create a Lutheran consciousness. That conviction forced me to try to do my bit by writing *Why I Am a Lutheran*.

Kaiser William II invited me to be his guest at the dedication of a church in Berlin. What a temptation! Now his church is a union of Lutherans and Reformed, for which reason many staunch Lutherans came to this country, and as a Lutheran I had to decline the invitation with many thanks. A General Councilite of Brooklyn went.

A man whose family were leaders in the Lutheran State Church of Bavaria and who would return and walk in the

footsteps of his fathers, announced for Holy Communion. The State Church not being in fellowship with us, I refused him. But how it hurt him — and me!

A venerable father gravely shook his gray head and said: "I would not have done that." That gave me a jolt, but it did not change my position.

The Christian Herald was looking for an editor. Some of our men were enthusiastic. I held a Missourian simply could not be editor of such an undenominational paper.

Otto Koenig, my college mate, invited me to a dinner with an officer of the paper — so he could look me over? He spoke of the unreasonable transubstantiation and the reasonable representation. I spoke of the Scriptural, Lutheran Real Presence without transubstantiation. He seemed to be disagreeably surprised. No, I was not asked to become the editor.

The memorable World's Missionary Convention in Carnegie Hall brought outstanding workers from all over the world. An English secretary told the world the first missionary was not Carey, but the Lutherans Ziegenbalg and Pluetschau in India.

Former President Benjamin Harrison presided, President William McKinley spoke and also the future President Theodore Roosevelt. All bore hearty witness to the Savior. Could the rest of the world show the like?

When Dr. Pieper came to town I spent a pleasant day showing him the sights. He shied away from the wonderful subway, then building, but wanted to see Ellis Island. He wore a Navy button and said with a broad smile: "The Navy is my vocation, theology my avocation."

At a Synodical Conference in Bading's church at Mil-

waukee Professor Krauss of St. Louis read the paper and spoke much of "experiencing" the truth of the Bible — the *Lutheraner* had also written of that several times. I said I could not experience the hexaemeron, astronomy, genealogy, etc. Professor Hoenecke said he did not understand what the young brother was driving at.

Outside a man told me: "You are right." "I know that, but why don't you tell that to the others? By the way, who are you?" "My name is Pieper." "That's not so bad a name; which Pieper?" "August." Just in those days he was called as professor to the Wisconsin Synod's theological seminary at Wauwatosa.

Coming from a Synodical Conference at Bay City, Mich., and sailing across Lake Michigan, I urged English missions. Old President Bading remarked: "I believe that young man has his eye on our money bag." "Yes; certainly, most certainly! If I am doing the work, the very least you can do is to loosen your purse strings."

The heavy Otto Pfeiderer of Berlin said, "What you learn in your study is one thing; what you preach in your pulpit is another thing."

The slim and trim Adolf von Harnack said: "Jesus wrote only once — and then He wrote in the sand." The way he sneered, it made my blood boil.

Bishop Potter, who failed to run a model saloon, mentioned the Thirty-nine Articles — "If anybody knows what they are."

James Denny came over from Scotland. From his books I expected a giant with a claymore. I found a very gentle

gentleman who preached very gently on Barnabas, "he was a gude man." Acts 11:24.

Moody preached in Scotland; a medical student was converted; he became known to fame as "Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador"; he told us of his blessed medical mission in the frozen North.

Frederic Harrison, the Positivist, came over to lecture on William the Silent.

The Rev. Mr. D'Aubigne came over for help for his work.

Rev. Arturo Muston, president of the Waldensian Mission Work in Italy, came from Rome for help for his work. So did Rev. Prof. Alberto Clot, delegate of the Waldensian Church, from Palermo.

Poulteney Bigelow, schoolmate of Kaiser William II, returned from a visit to him and in Berkely Institute in a lecture told us all wars were at bottom commercial wars.

Three of the highest Anglicans came over. I rushed to St. Thomas to avoid the rush — there was no rush.

Dr. Sheldon, the author of *In His Steps*, was lionized in England, and so New York had to give him a grand reception. Carnegie Hall was filled with the great and near great. He spoke on temptation — drink, gambling, dance, etc.

Alexander Dowie came from Zion City near Chicago to shake wicked New York; he didn't shake a thing and silently stole away.

It was a fine sight to see Mark Twain with his white mane taking part in a city election.

President Seth Low of Columbia gave New York a clean administration — some people had some of their taxes re-

funded! He was not re-elected, and the Tammany Tiger celebrated orgies. Sometime ago a fellow in Athens voted to exile Aristides. Why? Oh, he was just tired of hearing him called "The Just."

After the victory of Manila, Dewey paraded his ships up the Hudson and was paraded through the city and cheered—almost as much as Governor Theodore Roosevelt.

Henry van Dyke of the Brick Presbyterian Church in a Thanksgiving Day sermon opposed keeping the Philippines—he had to look up the pronunciation. Later he presided at the historic Creed Revision Synod in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

While that revision was being discussed, a pastor said: "There is Dr. Blank in New York; he believes in election, but not in reprobation; how are you ever going to satisfy such a mind?" Dr. Henry Jowett of the Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church and others preached just that. In Revell's Chicago bookshop I asked a theological professor of California: "Is it fair to charge you with teaching reprobation?" "Yes; it is in the Confession, although nobody believes and preaches it."

The new subway to Brooklyn, to Beecher's church, a very plain red brick building; Beecher did not have to have "frozen music."

Newel Dwight Hillis' Thanksgiving Day sermon was an account of his trip to California. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

The day before he was nominated at Chicago in 1904 President Theodore Roosevelt received our English Conference: "I am not a member of the Lutheran Church, but of the sister of the Lutheran Church, the Reformierte Kirche

[Teeth]. The best sermon — er — one of the best sermons I ever heard was in a Lutheran church. And I learned something. Faith, hope, and charity, that is, die Liebe. I didn't know that [Teeth]. . . . I'm glad to hear the Lutheran Church stands for the separation of Church and State, for that is one of the fundamental teachings of the Constitution, as I said yesterday to a gentleman of — well, not of *our* faith [Teeth]." The papal ablegate had been received.

There was time for some of the many fine church concerts which often featured Lutheran works. Studies in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in the Museum of Natural History, in the Aquarium.

Deep-sea fishing, up the Hudson to Washington's Headquarters, bicycle trips to Coney Island for bathing and the trained animals of Bostock and Hagenbeck.

S O S from Mount Olive in Milwaukee. The brethren urged me to go for the English mission opportunities in the Northwest.

In Milwaukee

I WAS installed on the second Sunday in Advent in 1905. The next day the Northwestern Conference was formed in the Plankinton House, with Oscar Kreinheder, Karl Schlerf, Ernest Haertel, G. Schuessler, and myself.

A lady asked: "Why did you come to Milwaukee? I am sorry for you, for soon your church will be sold at auction." A cheerful outlook!

A house was for sale; we wished to buy it for a parsonage. "No, the house is not for sale." It was bought.

"Why did you tell me it was not for sale?" "I feared to have nothing but trouble, for that poor little crowd could never pay." What a reputation!

Pastor Henry Sieck told me he had received more help from the Wisconsinians than from the Missourians: I received no help.

A family moved into our neighborhood; they received no release; we were not notified; they were lost to the General Council.

A family wished to join Mount Olive for the sake of their



Mount Olive, Milwaukee, 1895—1905

children, who knew no German. Though they were in good standing, a release was refused.

"If you do not release them at your next meeting, I'll take them and all that come without a release." They were released.

A young lady wished to join: "I get more good out of an English sermon."

"I as the pastor know she gets more good out of a German sermon, and therefore I shall not release her."

At conference I denounced this papal tyranny over the conscience and held the individual must decide, not the pastor and not the congregation, and said I would practice accordingly. At long last she was released.

A churchless man wished to join; everything was done to keep him away from the English.

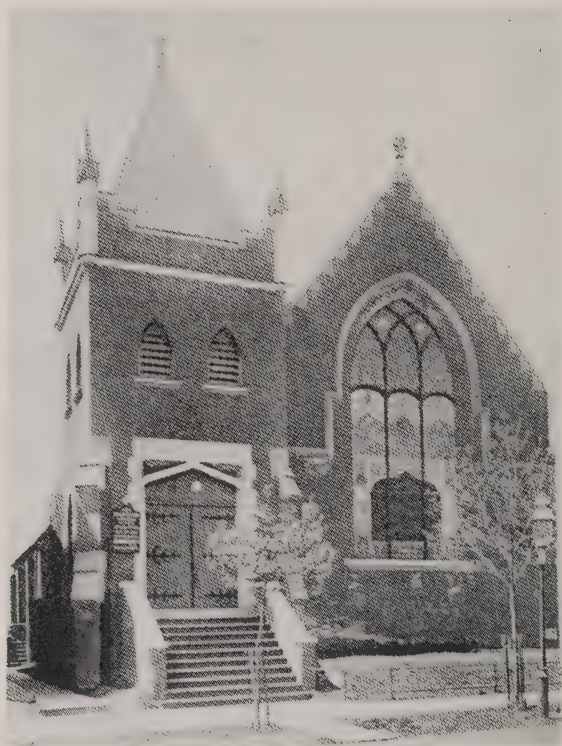
A brother said he would lieber have a General Council man than an English Missourian in his town.

When Dr. Passavant came to build his hospital, he urged the pastors again and again and again to begin English work in order to save their young. — If you don't, I will. They didn't, he did. Of course, some of our people went to the General Council.

Dr. Alfred Schulz told me he asked Pastor H—, "Why can't we have English preaching?" "Alfred, if the Americans love God and His Word so much, let them learn German."

When two young ladies asked for a release to the General Council church, Pastor H— said, since they were not voting members, they needed no release; they went. They told me so.

Now the United Lutheran Church has many congrega-



Mount Olive, Milwaukee, 1905—1923

tions in the Milwaukee area, filled mostly from the Synodical Conference.

West of the tracks I found no church of any kind, but a new public school with 800 pupils. To get one out of eight was my hope, and hope maketh not ashamed; and that was the beginning of Hope Church in 1906. In that new section, however, there was no place to begin.

After a hot debate I got the use of a parish school — for a very short time.

Not able to be at two places at the same time, I asked the president of the Wisconsin Theological Seminary at Wauwatosa for a student to help me.

"All right; if you can find one, I'll not object, although I have no use for English Lutheranism."

"Why not, Herr Doktor?"

"Because you cannot preach Lutheranism in English."

"But, Herr Doktor, that is rank heresy! Didn't the Savior bid us preach the Gospel to every creature? After all, Lutheranism is justification by faith; and that can be translated from Greek into English almost as well as from Greek into German."

"Where is your English Luther?"

"We have no English Luther, but what has that to do with the case? One Luther is good enough for all languages. By the way, how long did the Lutheran Church really last in Germany in spite of the German Luther?"

"Yes, yes; I know what you mean."

He also volunteered the information: "Walther could not write German."

That was news to me; yet, being peaceful by nature, I did

not accept the challenge and departed, rejoicing I had got my student.

A few days later the Doctor saw me in the Northwestern Publishing House and began the attack along the same line, and I again told him his talk was heresy. The Wisconsin pastors stood aghast to hear a young fellow talk like that to their revered Doctor. It was a memorable debate, for in



The Author at 40

1944 the manager asked me: "Do you remember that debate in the Publishing House?"

Lots on 35th St. and plans for a chapel were bought — without a dollar in hand.

Prominent wealthy members were asked for help. "They need no church in that cabbage field. . . . The streetcar will take them to Mount Olive. . . . Anyway, we cannot help, for we must pay the deficits in our own church." Yet they gave \$1,000.00 to the new Y. M. C. A.

Cheer up, the worst is yet to come — at Conference: "Dear Brother, we are not incorporated. If you belonged to our Synod, we might be able to do something for your Hope Church, but now, you see, dear Brother, you belong to another synod."

In spite of all, Hope Church was formed and called Pastor Ernest Ross, who had helped President Pfotenhauer in the Northwest. From Hope Church came Sherman Park Church and from that came Capitol Drive Church.

While I am still living, some say I did not start Hope Church.

On all the South Side we had no English preaching. A Baptist chapel was rented for a dollar a Sunday. I had no dollar, but faith, and faith maketh not ashamed, and that was the beginning of Faith Church. In September, 1907, I installed Candidate Steinhoff and later Pastor Luley.

Young Harry Olsen came to the Norwegian church in an old section. I gave him Horace Greeley's advice, Go West and start anew in English.

He began Layton Park Church and joined our Synod.

In 1912 I began English work in the school hall of Wisconsin Synod's Jerusalem Church, the beginning of Charity Church. Faith, Hope, and Charity out of Mount Olive! When things were in running order, the pastor begged me to turn the mission over to Wisconsin. He promised me faithfully to carry on in good faith, and it was turned over quite cheerfully. Whether by Missouri or by Wisconsin, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. Phil. 1:18.

No English in Sheboygan. When I asked Pastor Wolbrecht for the use of his church, he had a mild attack of aphasia. He opened his doors, and the long-distance mission was begun. St. Mark's was formed; they sent me two calls, which had to be declined; Pastor Czamanske was installed.

A call to Our Savior in Cincinnati had also to be declined.

The Wisconsinian at Waukesha was urged to begin English work. "If you don't, I will." Came a vigorous invitation to stay out; I went in. A congregation was formed, and Pastor Wojahn was called.

The president of the Aid Association for Lutherans, a for-

mer member of Mount Olive, earnestly urged me to come to Appleton to start a Mount Olive. The Wisconsinian pastor sent an urgent invitation to stay away — no English needed! As soon as I went, they needed three English churches — Ohio, General Council, and Wisconsin, the last called Mount Olive.



Mount Olive, Milwaukee, Dedicated 1923

A member of Mount Olive moved to Minneapolis and started a Mount Olive, and the Milwaukeean helped the Minneapolisite with church furniture.

At the Synodical Conference in St. Luke's in Milwaukee a mission in Africa was brought up. President — said emphatically: "We cannot do it." President — of the Wisconsin Synod backed him up by saying decisively: "We haven't the money." Deep silence. The mission seemed dead. I said: "Our Negroes have given us money and bid us give the

Gospel to their brethren in Africa. How, then, can you say: 'We haven't the money?' The very least you can do is send a committee; then you can speak with knowledge." I thank God my motion carried. The committee came back from Nigeria with a favorable report and missionaries were sent. We plant and water and God is giving the increase, as of old. 1 Cor. 3:6.

The Rev. J. U. Ekong, a native trained at our Springfield Seminary, is breaking the bread of life to his brethren.

After only eight years we have 60 churches, 2,700 pupils, and 10,000 baptized members. The people earn about \$25 a year and give to Christ "better than 10 per cent." They sent this message: "God bless you for teaching us the Word of God."

We may well say with Morse in his first telegraphic message: "What hath God wrought!"

Hamuera H. Te Punga, son of a Maori cannibal chieftain in New Zealand, studying at Springfield, attended Mount Olive during vacation and is now a missionary among his kinsmen.

Mount Olive's neighborhood was going down, and members were moving away. Die a slow death or move? Move! From Fourth to Fifty-fourth and Washington Boulevard. I made a general sketch — Tudor Gothic, truncated tower, study connecting the parsonage, sextonage, garage, central heating plant, \$150,000. Dedicated on March 18, 1923.

Pastor Sieker said: "That Dallmann works with truly fiery zeal." Dr. Pieper: "If he doesn't start a mission every year, he is unhappy." Another: "He thinks he must convert the whole world." Whenever Biewend of Boston saw me coming: "There comes the English Synod!"

Synod's Servant

AT a celebration I said: "Walther favored English preaching from the very beginning, but some have not yet caught up to him." For this some brethren attacked me in the public press.

Some brethren nominated me for some professorship, which brought some protests: "He quotes non-Lutheran authors!"

On the suggestion of my District the St. Louis faculty conferred on me the honorary degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology. I am heartily thankful for the kindness both have shown me. I always add another degree: Ltd, Limited.

Someone found me in *Who's Who*, but could not tell me how I got there.

Synod elected me First Vice-President. After the sessions the President hied himself to Golflinkia and thus left me as the acting President of Synod.

With the trustees I looked after the funds of the Lutheran Laymen's League and invested them. I handled millions and was thrilled like the Count of Monte Cristo when he found the treasure of Cardinal Caesar Spada — while it lasted. I couldn't take 'em with me, just like all the poor billionaires.

As the representative of Synod I spoke at the dedication of the Wisconsin Synod's new Theological Seminary at Thiensville.

After attending District synods East and West and from Canada to Texas and visiting colleges and attending the assignments of calls for six years — and having no assistant — I told Synod: "I do not choose to run."

They made me a member of the first Survey Committee on Higher Education. What a task! Plato was rated a good educator, but his pupil Aristotle was radically different. Fierce educational battles raged around Aristotle. Little David Luther slew the giant Goliath Aristotle and became the father of modern education. Year after year the great educators meet to discuss the fleeting fashions in education.

Progressive education comes and goes. President Hutchins of the University of Chicago tells the educators they are all wrong, and the great John Dewey tells Hutchins he doesn't know what is education. When we read Aristotle writing of the educational chaos of his day, we smile sadly, for after thousands of years it is about the same in 1944.

Washington Irving's Wouter van Twiller listened to both learned sides and then, instead of giving a decision, fell into a deep sleep. Perhaps he should be added to the Seven Sages.

A number of our recommendations were adopted.

I favored a graded catechism. "Unscientific!" And that was that. Now, after years, we are getting the "unscientific" catechism.

We recommended a standard college. I was told a graduate of a Missourian junior college is the equal of a non-

Missourian standard college. Coming from whom it did, this was "a frost, a killing frost." And yet — Synod will consider a standard college in 1947. "Large bodies move slow."

"Hear the call as coming from the Lord and take up the work for 1921 in 'The Bible Hour.' Yours appealingly and persistently, Adolf T. Hanser." I wrote the weekly Bible study on "Paul."

I was co-editor of the *Walther League Messenger* from sheer love in the day of small things when they debated the raise of the yearly subscription from 25 to 35 cents. I spoke at the conventions in Omaha and in Baltimore and spent one whole January lecturing daily in a different town from Tennessee to Florida to Louisiana.

Hans Allen, my Seminary mate, now president of the Norwegian Ladies' Seminary at Red Wing, Minn., invited me to preach a baccalaureate sermon. Later I preached for the Norwegians at Mankato, Minn.

On telegraphic invitation of the 1,200 Fort Leavenworth Federal prisoners I preached to them on August 12, 1917, which I shall never forget.

And then came a preaching tour throughout the Middle West, San Diego and San Francisco, Calif., and Portland, Oreg.

I preached at Mr. Jones' Negro school at Piney Woods, Miss.; at the 25th anniversary of Redeemer Church at Fort Wayne, Ind.; at the golden anniversary of Pastor C. A. Frank, founder and first editor of the *Lutheran Witness*; at the 25th anniversary of my former Church of the Redeemer in New York City; upon a wired invitation at the commissioning of the Rev. Paul Heckel as missionary to India in

West Orange, N. J.; at the installation of Pastors John H. C. Fritz, John T. Mueller, and Martin S. Sommer as professors at St. Louis and spoke at the silver jubilee of Profs. Fuerbringer and Bente and at the golden jubilee of Professor Pieper on October 19, 1928.

I preached at Union Lenten services at Milwaukee, Chicago, Hammond, Detroit, two years at St. Louis, two and three times daily at Los Angeles, at the Union Reformation Festivals at Milwaukee, Chicago, Saginaw, Indianapolis, St. Louis, lectured for our students at St. Louis, Milwaukee, Valparaiso, for the Wisconsinians at Watertown, for the Norwegians at Decorah, for the Swedes at Rock Island.

On invitation I attended the Lutheran Open Forum in Pastor Orlando Ingvolstad's church on Hirsch and Washetenaw in Chicago on April 20 and 21, 1922. Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, U. L. C., A. L. C., and Missourians. Twelve papers.

Dr. Joseph Stump's paper, "What Is Common to Us All?" showed about everything was common to us all. Glory be! E Pluribus Unum!

The barometer, however, indicated storm for the morrow.

Mine was the only Missourian paper.

With unerring instinct they had wished on me "What Doctrinal Differences Must be Ironed Out?" That was loaded, and it exploded. That apparent union was a real disunion. There was no *e pluribus unum*. I fought with my back to the wall against at least three fronts.

A Dane rejoiced the king of Denmark had forbidden the Formula of Concord, and he scoffed at doctrinal unity, impossible! Sing the hymnal, and then we'll have union! That was, of course, unanswerable.

I asked Stump how he liked that. He hung his head.

I said: "‘In view of faith’ is not in the Bible; it is not in the Confessions; it can be misunderstood; it has been misunderstood — then why use it?" "I never use it," said Dr. J. A. O. Stub. "Why not? Because you know it is wrong." Dr. Stump insisted on using it because it solves the mystery of Election. It surely does — by synergism.

When Masons rob me of S. S. teachers and choir members, something ought to be done about it, remarked Pastor Ingvolstad.

Dr. O. D. Baltzly said he would quit the Masons if that would help on union. It certainly would. I told him to quit because Masonry is wrong, union or no union.

"If Missouri can't pray with us, we can pray with Missouri; let Missouri do all the praying!" "I object; that is giving too much honor to Missouri!"

An Iowan invited me to speak to his people. I went and bore testimony.

On invitation I attended two conventions of the National Christian Association in Moody Institute and elsewhere and testified against Freemasonry and Oddfellowship.

Prof. Leander S. Keyser of Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, who wrote Edwin Heyl Delk of Philadelphia was "lower than Arius," came and lectured. "Do you believe all you just said?" Taken aback, he said, "Certainly." "How, then, can you be a brother of Edwin Heyl Delk?" He hung his head and went away without a word.

Dr. Simon Peter Long, who had published *That Great Lodge Sermon*, came up and lectured. I had him to lunch and asked: "If you believe this, how can you be a member

of the United Lutheran Church?" "When you come to Chicago, see me, and we'll discuss this all night." Before I could get to Chicago, he died.

Dr. Gerberding would look me up during vacations. "You Missourians lack one thing, you ought to study psychology. . . . You ought to join the United Lutheran Church, we need you."

"The General Council left the General Synod because it was too un-Lutheran; later you went back. Now place your hand upon your heart and answer as man to man: Did the General Council pull the General Synod up, or did the General Synod pull the General Council down?"

After a pause — "Down."

"The same would happen if we joined you. We would not pull you up, you would pull us down. The best thing we can do for both of us is to stay out and lay our finger on the sore spots and say, You ail here and here. Long ago Dr. H. E. Jacobs wrote the Eastern synods had been raised by the Western synods — meaning Missouri.

On invitation I told the U. L. C. pastors "What I Have Against the U. L. C." They gave a very respectful hearing. Some said: "Yes, we ought to have more discipline."

While I was in the hospital with a broken leg, these U. L. C. and also the A. L. C. men kindly visited "The Dean."

At a Methodist convention I mingled with the delegates during the noon hour and heard one complain: "The trouble with the Methodist Church is it has too many unconverted members."

There seem to be such elsewhere. During a vacancy in

the pastorate a leading member asked me for a candidate — “One who will preach right on Sundays, of course, but who will not be so strict during the week.”

Rabbi Barron advertised a sermon to the Freemasons. He said there was really no difference between Judaism and Masonry. While the Christians looked for a heaven in the hereafter, the Jews looked for a heaven now on earth.

The Episcopalian Dr. Edwards in an Easter sermon to the Freemasons told them their morality was not good enough, they needed the Savior for salvation.

My congregation celebrated my 25th anniversary as its pastor in 1930 and my 50th in the holy ministry in 1936. The latter was also observed by my District at Chicago in a special service and by Concordia Publishing House by a volume bound in gold.

Governor Francis McGovern and I became acquainted very intimately in the Sunrise Bathing Club, which disported itself in the waters of Lake Michigan. So delighted was he that he appointed me Chaplain in Chief of the Wisconsin navy. It was a purely complimentary sinecure, which did not make me even a dollar-a-year man.

When General Nelson Miles on his trip around the world came to Milwaukee, I presided at the great reception given him. He said when Siberia will be developed, it will compete with the United States.

Our statesmen at Washington must sharpen their pencils and do some fine figuring. The difference between the low wages in Japan and the high wages in America is so great it will cause trouble.

The trouble came at Pearl Harbor in World War II.

Victor Berger, our own and only Socialist in Congress, could have sold his gifts for much money, but he kept true to his principles. During World War I he almost went to prison. He told me: "It depends how badly they want to get you."

"My parents were a Jew and a Gentile, and between them I did not get much religion."

Theodore Roosevelt came to town. We waited, and waited, and waited. Something must have happened! It had. At last he came and said, "I've been shot!" He showed his bloody shirt and the folded manuscript that had saved his life. A woman asked him to spare himself. "I'm all right, Madam!" And he went through with his speech. I heard no speech; I only saw the speaker; I see him yet.

President Taft "carried out the Roosevelt policies" — into the ash can, and the former fast friends hurled unbelievable things at each other. William Jennings Bryan came along and with a very broad smile assured us they were both perfectly truthful gentlemen, and he fully believed both!

Charles Evans Hughes stepped down from the Supreme Court and came over to tell us he wanted to be President. The Auditorium was packed and eager to applaud. He walked in a rather wooden way and talked in a wooden, non-committal way, and the people had no opportunity to get rid of some enthusiasm. Once, when he said he would enforce the laws impartially, the people thought that went for England, too, and they gave him a little hand. When we thought he was about to warm up to his subject, he was through, through in both senses. It was "a frost, a killing frost," the worst I ever felt.

Woodrow Wilson came and frankly admitted we had needed a brass band to wake us up — meaning Theodore Roosevelt — but now that we are awake, we need something better — meaning Woodrow Wilson. We took him at his word — “He kept us out of war!” Twenty years later we learned he had been plotting to lead us into war. “Put not your trust in princes.” Ps. 146:3.

The venerable General William Booth of the Salvation Army came and all classes went out to honor that stern, striking soldier who preached salvation by being “washed in the blood of the Lamb.”

The brewers had Editor Arthur Brisbane address their convention. He told them frankly they had only themselves to blame were they engulfed in the rising tide of prohibition.

Publications

I WAS chairman of the Hymnal Committee from the beginning, and now the tune edition was gracefully placed into my lap for publication. No music printer in Milwaukee! I found a taverner who had set music years ago. A handful of music type was bought, and he set up a few pages during the day and sent them to me. I alone had to read proof in a hurry and rush it back the same night so that he could distribute the type and set up a few more pages the next day – and so to the weary end! Then the work was presented to Concordia Publishing House, which sent a sumptuous “Souvenir Copy, made expressly for Reverend William Dallmann in grateful acknowledgment of special services rendered the Publisher in the Preparation and Publication of the First Edition, 1912.”

Speaking of hymns reminds me of my remarkable friend Miss Anna Hoppe. All her schooling was that of a parish school, yet some of her hymns were put into the Swedish Augustana hymnal and into our revised hymnal.

Some of her pieces were set to music by my friend Liborius Semmann, President of the Music Teachers' Association of America.

The Lord's Prayer appeared in the *Witness* from 1900

to 1902 and on request of the president and the Publication Board came out in book form in 1907; second edition in 1924.

Prof. M. Sommer: "I have read many books on the Lord's Prayer, but this is the best of all."

A S. S. teacher: "There are 10–12 in the class, and we're enjoying the book *very* much. Seems so strange to find present-day applications in sermons that were pertinent before both wars. I'm using Mother's book, which we read and discuss a section each Sunday."

A Catholic lady placed a copy in the public library of her city.

Tranquebar, South India, 12th May, 1904

Rev. & kind father in Christ,

Please allow me to introduce me to you, as a Lutheran Young man living in the old place where provost Ziegenbalg first landed. I am a Son of Pastor N. Samuel, here. Now I am a Teacher and Music-master in the Lutheran Mission Seminary in Tranquebar. My age is nearly 22 years.

He asked for music for Lutheran chorals. He got it and was very thankful.

In 1910 he was a student of theology and wrote:

My real want is Books — books really Lutheran — books that would make me a right Lutheran Pastor and Preacher. . . . To supply me with sufficient material to catechise, I cannot think of better books than your explanations of the Ten Commandments & The Lord's Prayer. Your *Portraits of Jesus* will be a most welcome help to me. . . .

I belong to an Orthodox Lutheran stock, being the Son of Pastor N. Samuel, the Senior Indian Pastor in the Leipzig Lutheran Mission. My father was a great friend of the late Rev. Th. Naether, the first Missionary of the Missouri Lutheran Mission in India. . . . My father has written several books in Tamil, one, *Village Sermons*, is even to-day used by Rev. Mr. Huebener and other Missionaries of your Synod in India. My father is also the "Professor of Introduction to the Bible" and "Symbolics" in our Theological class. . . .

Our Chief Professor is the Rev. S. Zehme, who studied theology at

Leipzig and Erlangen. He came to India along with the Rev. Mr. Freche, who is at present one of the Missouri-Lutheran Missionaries & still a great friend of Rev. Zehme. He is a nephew of the Famous text Critic von Tischendorf. . . . Wir lernen auch Deutsch von ihm. . . .

Shiyali, Tanjore Dt., 4th Sept., 1907

With my humble and due respect, I trust your reverence will pardon me, the liberty I take in writing to your reverence.

Most Respected Rev. & Dear Sir,

I, the poor organist, Lutheran Mission Ziegenbalque Chapel, Shiyali, beg your reverence to help me to my request. . . . I am very willing to improve my culture. Therefore will your reverence kindly send me the following music books. . . . Lastly, I, the poor organist request your Reverence to have the kindness and pray for me. I never forget your reverence's kindness and Sympathy.

Expecting for your Reverence's kind reply.

Best wishes to your Reverence and bidding good-bye,

I remain,

Most Respd Revd, and Dear Sir,

Your most obedient organist

M. Thomas John

Tranquebar, S. India, 21-8-06

Reverend Sir,

We, the students of the Leipzig Evangelical Lutheran Mission Divinity class at Tranquebar . . . twelve in number varying in age from 27 to 40 . . . married with children. . . .

Books of sound Lutheranism are invariably from the pen of American authors, and these are very costly. . . .

May we solicit at your hands . . . help which will go a great way to our edification & of those who may be entrusted to our spiritual care from time to time. . . .

(Signed by the twelve students)

Portraits of Jesus appeared in *The Lutheran Witness* and on request were put out in book form in 1909; a second edition came out.

Der Lutheraner: "Everybody can draw information, exhortation, and joy from these sermons with their doctrinal, yet crisp, terse, vigorous sentences."

Tranquebar, 31st Aug. 1910

Dear Sir! if you be kind enough to send me a copy of *Portraits of Jesus* at publisher's cost price I shall be very thankful.

Yours very faithfully,

G. David

Tranquebar, 8th Nov. 1910

. . . I read *Portraits of Jesus* with much pleasure and found very edifying to my own soul and many useful informations for my pastoral work. . . .

May our dear Lord Jesus Christ mercifully bless you and your work for the glory of His blessed name and for establishing many souls purchased by His precious blood at home and abroad in the true faith and in the saving truth as it is in Jesus, is the sincere wish and prayer of

Yours very faithfully,

G. David

Tranquebar, S. India, 9th Nov. 1910

Rev'd. & Kind Father in Christ,

Words fail me to thank you aptly for . . . the *Commandments*, *Portraits* and *Lord's Prayer* . . . and for your minor publications, each one of which is a gem in its own way and will be very valuable additions to my little store of books. Especially the tracts about *Infant Baptism*, *The Real Presence*, *Church Going*, & *Why I Am a Lutheran* are simply excellent. I have a great desire to see these tracts translated into Tamil and distributed among the people. . . . One more request! and I am done. Will you please pray that our Lord may make me a proper instrument to preach the Gospel to the Heathen and grant me the Grace necessary for His Work? . . .

Thanking you once more for all your kindness, and wishing Lord's Choicest blessings upon you and your work, I am,
your obedient Son in Christ,

S. Gnanamanickam

Why I Am a Lutheran and Not a Seventh-Day Adventist was put into Kanarese, printed by Sri Vijayalakshmi Press, Kollegal, India, sent by M. Gnanasigamani to Duncan S. Stevenson.

Why I Am a Lutheran and Not a Seventh-Day Adventist, *Why the Name "Lutheran,"* and *The Dance* were put into Arabic and published by the Arab Lutheran Minister, J. Joseph Bahut, at Jerusalem, Palestine.

Why I Am a Protestant and Not a Roman Catholic was turned into Spanish by the Rev. B. H. Ergang of Argentina.

Luther's Small Catechism for Very Busy People.

Dr. Dau: "Every important truth of Christianity and every plain duty of Christians has been stated on these pages without waste of words. It is an excellent miniature portrait of Christianity."

It was put into Braille, and blind people from many parts of the world have sent their thanks.

Great Religious Americans was put into Norwegian by the Rev. A. A. Oppegaard, introduced by Joh. M. Wisloff, and published by L. E. Tvedtes Forlag, Oslo, Norway.

It was also put into Braille.

Follow Jesus was requested by the Northwestern Publishing House of the Wisconsin Synod in 1911.

Kirchenblatt, Iowa: "Certainly a good and needful thought for once to treat the Christian life from this point of view."

Theologische Quartalschrift: "Typically American. Sound to the core. Thoroughly evangelical. Diction simple yet varied. Brief and terse, plastic, ever concrete, seasoned with apt illustrations and examples, a refreshing directness. Popular in the good sense of the term. Never abstract, never tedious. Original everywhere. Every sermon brings new thoughts, rests on fresh studies."

The Titles of the Christians in the New Testament, on the

insistence of President Bading and the formal vote of the Wisconsin Pastoral Conference, was read at the Synodical Conference at Seward, Nebr., in 1910. It was resolved to have the work continued at Milwaukee in 1914, after which it came out in book form.

Kirchenblatt, Iowa: "A happy thought never before treated."

Theologische Quartalschrift: "Interesting, vivid, fascinating, beautiful."

Northwestern Lutheran: "Well adapted for daily devotions. A very appropriate gift book."

Jesus was written on request of the Northwestern Publishing House for a life of Christ in one year and was printed in 1914; several editions.

Lutheran: "Most beautiful book of its kind we have ever seen."

Theologische Quartalschrift: "A masterpiece, orthodox, gripping, fascinating, vivid, crisp. A precious gift of God, which Christians ought to hail with joy and spread with zeal."

Christian Herald, N. Y.: "A rarely beautiful book. Fascinating form, skillful manner; enjoyable and helpful to young and old."

Murugappa Mudali Street, Vepery, Madras,
South India. 11. 2. 15.

It gives me always pleasure and joy whenever I take your books to study for my benefit. I have found them of so much value that I cannot part with them & that whenever I go for a book, I lay my hands on your books. . . . I am a Lutheran Christian. I would like to study your *Jesus*. In addition, I wish to have a complete set of your works. . . .

Yours sincerely,

A. D. Samuel

34, Maikanda Deva Mudali Road,
Fraser Town, Bangalore, 14th Sept. 1916.

Dear Sir,

I am an Indian Christian, engaged in Christian work. I desire very much to study Religious books, especially Lutheran. . . . I have heard that you are the author of many books, and that you have published very recently a book under the title *Jesus*. I shall be very thankful if you could kindly send me a copy of this and oblige. Trusting that this will meet with success and with kind regards.

Yours faithfully,

A. S. Diviyanadhen

Paul was read at the North Wisconsin District in 1925 and 1927, which resolved to have it as a book. A companion volume to *Jesus*.

Moody Monthly: "The choicest tribute to the great Apostle we have ever seen.

Lehre und Wehre: "In every respect an *opus magnum*."

Dr. Geiseman: "I have read forty or fifty books on Paul, but in Dallmann I find something new on almost every page."

Peter was read at the Milwaukee English Conference, which urged its printing — done in 1930.

A companion to *Jesus* and *Paul*.

It was put into Braille.

Lutheran Witness: "These two books of Dr. Dallmann — *Paul* and *Peter* — are veritable gems, sparkling in their style, interesting in their presentation, reliable in their teaching, rich in the information they offer, diversified as to the sources on which they draw, and full of comforting, inspiring, and edifying thought."

John was read at the Milwaukee English Conference, which urged its printing; done in 1932. A companion volume to *Jesus*, *Paul*, and *Peter*.

American Lutheran: "In Dallmannesque style it teems with a wealth of information, valuable quotations, terse references, and pertinent applications. . . . Sometimes he leaves one gasping by the unexpected but always pertinent application."

Martin Luther was edited from John Lord's *Beacon Lights of History* and printed by permission of the publishers.

Martin Luther by Thomas Carlyle was introduced and edited from *Heroes and Hero Worship* and published at Erie, Pa., in 1907.

Professor Wessel of Springfield wrote: "Am reading with my class — about 50 — your *Carlyle on Luther*."

Martin Luther appeared in the *Lutheran Witness* and then in a book in 1917; reprinted.

Though there were dozens of lives of Luther in German, Professor John Kunstmann of Concordia Seminary, Porto Alegre, Brazil, turned this into German.

Mr. Edward Rechlin found Rev. A. Palmer in England blaming Luther for all the troubles in the world and sent him this *Luther*. "Then he had his Sunday school read the book each Sunday, apportioning a reading to each pupil. His preaching took on a more lusty and positive tone."

Luther the Liberator was delivered in 1917 in Kansas, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, California, and Oregon, and published by resolution of the Missouri Pastoral Conference of South Wisconsin.

American Lutheran Survey: "Most complete collection of quotations about Luther we have ever seen."

What Is Christianity? appeared in a number of news-

papers and is now reproduced in tract form, says the American Lutheran Publicity Bureau, which received the following from an Episcopalian.

The Rectory, Church of the Holy Communion, New York, August 8, 1921. "I wish to thank you with all my heart for having put in tract form that splendid little sermon entitled 'Christianity.' I inclose herewith check for \$10.00 for my proffered contribution. Believe me, Very cordially, Yours, Henry Mottet."

The Christian. One Hundred and Thirty Likenesses Between Christ and the Christian. Fourth edition. 1940. It was put into Braille.

Dr. Th. Graebner in the Introduction: "Enriched my life. . . . A wonderful book."

Concordia Theological Monthly: "Not articles, not essays, not sketches, but Dallmannian presentation of great religious truths. . . . A *vade mecum* of unusual merit."

Dr. P. E. Kretzmann: "An excellent aid for self-examination and for the promotion of Christian character."

Why Do I Believe the Bible Is God's Word? 1901. Reprinted several times.

Kirchenzeitung, Reformed: "An old booklet? Well, if a booklet 27 [42 really] years old necessitates a reprint, it must be worth while to read it. . . . Like old wine and old violins, good stuff. . . . An altogether excellent booklet, written with conviction and fine literary taste. We can recommend it heartily."

S. S. World: "Seldom has there been gathered together in a volume so small such a complete and triumphant defense of the Holy Scriptures. It would seem that the whole record of God's dealing with men and all thought upon the

subject have been searched and the most valuable proofs set forth in defense of His Holy Word."

Was Peter Ever in Rome?

"Convincing refutation of the papists' contention that Peter was bishop of Rome and the first pope."

How Peter Became Pope.

"The Milwaukee Mixed Conference of Missouri Synod and Wisconsin Synod pastors registered a formal request to issue these articles in book form, and subsequently several similar requests were addressed to us by individuals and groups of individuals." — Concordia Publishing House.

Evangelical Herald: "Not barren. Far from it. Full of grit, full of dates and data, more than a thousand by actual count. All have to do with the history and development of the papal system. . . . Dry bones come to life and make a rattling good refutation against many a claim of the Roman Catholic Church. . . . No pussyfooting, no beating about the bush, but hitting straight from the shoulder, scoring many a bull's eye — and papal bulls at that. Gentle Reader, put this mustard and horse-radish on your meat especially when you read the latest encyclical of Pope Pius XI."

Augustana Quarterly, Swedish: "A curious, stirring, often ghastly series of quotations from historical writers of all ages on the usurpations of the papacy. Certainly a church record to waken the Protestant mind which today curries favor with Romanism and seems unwitting of what it toys with. . . . Dallmann drives the reader into history, and history of the most tense and gripping kind."

The Pope in Politics. From the Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII.

Der Lutheraner: "Of permanent value."

The Martyrs of Salzburg.

"Succinct and compressed style. Dr. Dallmann writes as he speaks, almost epigrammatically. . . . Valuable in the library."

The Battle of the Bible with the "Bibles" was put into Braille.

"Read this book to see how brightly the Christian religion shines when placed upon the dark background of the heathen religions."

What Is Lutheranism?

Dr. J. T. Mueller: "Ought not only to be spread among non-Lutherans, but also to be carefully studied in Christian day schools, Sunday schools, catechumen classes, Bible societies, etc."

*Why the Name "Lutheran"?**Why Not Join the United Lutheran Church?*

Published by request of the Northwestern Conference of the English District of the Missouri Synod.

The Marburg Debate.

Theologische Zeitschrift, A. L. C.: "Only a small and popular tract selling for ten or fifteen cents, but based upon trustworthy material and presented in a style many of our people like to read. Even the concession made by Luther and rejected by Zwingli unknown to many who ought to be posted in these matters is not forgotten."

The Real Presence; or, Why Do I Believe the Lutheran Doctrine of the Lord's Supper?

The Gem of the Reformation. The Four Hundredth Anniversary of Luther's Catechism.

The Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Augsburg Confession.

The First Protestants.

The Principles of Protestantism.

Robert Barnes, *Luther's English Friend*, was put into Braille.

"An interesting and authoritative bit of research work, telling the story of one of the first Lutherans in England, his accepting of the Gospel truth, his fight for his convictions, and his final martyrdom."

John Wiclif was put into Braille.

The Midnight Lion, Gustav Adolf, the Greatest Lutheran Layman, was put into Braille.

John Hus.

Paul Gerhardt.

William Tyndale, the Translator of the English New Testament. Fourth edition.

"Every Christian, young and old, should know the story of this valiant martyr."

Miles Coverdale, the Translator of the First English Bible, of the First English Lutheran Hymnal, and of Other Works of Luther.

Patrick Hamilton, the First Lutheran Preacher and Martyr of Scotland.

"A delightfully instructive book."

God's Great Gift.

Concordia Theological Monthly: "Every reader is bound to derive true spiritual blessings."

The Death of Christ. 1. The Reconciliation of an Ambassador. 2. The Sacrifice of a Priest. 3. The Redemption of a Surety.

The Open Bible was put into Braille.

Christ Is Risen — Possible, Promised, Proved.

Concordia Theological Monthly: "This excellently written and beautifully furnished apologetic tract, which strikingly proves the resurrection of our blessed Lord, ought to be spread by the thousands within and without American Church circles. To peruse it means to experience genuine spiritual pleasure and to have one's faith in the risen Redeemer mightily strengthened. We are sure that this exquisite brochure will be warmly welcomed also outside our own church circles."

Jesus Appeared.

Easter Bells.

Teacher Voss: "Wonderful! Most wonderful book I ever read. Never enjoyed anything as much in my life. Keep on!"

Lutheran Standard, Ohio: "A real treasure chest. . . . Let me suggest to laymen who are interested in better, more dynamic preaching that they make an Easter gift of this volume to their pastor."

The Holy Ghost.

Concordia Theological Monthly: "In its field without an equal."

What Is Christianity?

The Forgiveness of Sins.

Mission Work.

Temperance.

The Theater

Why the Congregational Meeting.

Why Not Mixed Marriages.

*Why Not Episcopal?*⁹ was requested by a lady who wished to know what to write a niece who couldn't see why she shouldn't join her husband's church. It was published by resolution of the Milwaukee English Conference and reprinted from the Wisconsin Synod's *Northwestern Lutheran School Journal*: "Clear, terse language."

God in History was delivered in St. Louis at the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of Concordia Historical Institute and reprinted from its *Quarterly*, January, 1943.

"Daniel in the Lions' Den" in *Vesper Sermons*.

"Luther and Justification" in *Four Hundred Years*. 1916.

"The English Work of the Missouri Synod" in *Ebenezer*. 1922.

"Walther's Respect for the Congregation" and Walther's "The Evangelical Lutheran Church the True Visible Church of God on Earth" in *Walther and the Church*. 1938.

Articles in *The Concordia Theological Monthly*, *The Lutheran Cyclopedia*, *The Lutheran Witness*, *The School Journal*, *The American Lutheran*, *The Christian Cynosure*, *Liberty*.

Some held me all-wise. It is really pathetic how one good brother trustfully begged for answers to these:

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. May a Christian be a communist? a socialist?
2. Do you believe the pastor should say something about election in one of his sermons?
3. Is it the will of God that we vote?
4. Can a Christian enter politics and remain a Christian, or will his Christian principles act as a bar to his advancement?
5. Would it be a sin for a Christian to seek to avoid paying his income tax?

6. Other things being equal, what would make a Christian a better officer than an unbeliever?

7. Moses was the leader of a great economic revolution. (True or false.)

8. Is the service of a Christian to his country a "divine service"?

9. Does Christian citizenship include co-operating in a "clean-up campaign"?

10. When we cast our ballot, we must mark it with a cross; let the Christian mark his ballot with the cross of Christ; let his vote be made for righteousness." (True or false statement.)

11. Should the individual Christian make his influence felt in civic affairs in which our Church may not take part?

12. Was the late Lord Tweedsmuir right when he said, "What our nation needs above all things is the doctrine of sin and grace"?

13. Will a Lutheran officeholder in county, state, or nation bring a reflection upon our Church, either favorable or unfavorable?

14. If a Christian citizen were to agitate for the removal of obscene literature from the newsstands of his city, whose welfare would he above all keep in view?

15. Were the Prophets of the Old Testament statesmen and patriots?

16. Is evading a citizenship duty a sin of omission?

17. May a Christian participate in a sit-down strike?

18. May there be something objectionable to singing Christmas hymns in the local high school?

19. If a person were to shoot a pheasant out of season, would he be disobeying only the State's law or at the same time God's Law?

20. How do you explain that a Church equipped with such great spiritual power as ours furnishes such few leading statesmen?

21. May a Christian ever take part in a revolution? [What about Muehlenberg? What about Moses in Egypt?]

22. Should a Christian also obey a law if he honestly believes it to be a bad law?

23. Would you consider the violation of traffic laws unchristian?

24. What do you consider important agencies for training in Christian citizenship?

He wanted the answers almost by return mail for use in a meeting.

Looks almost like a compliment.

In Europe

IN 1927 they named me leader of the First Lutheran European Tour.

After presiding at the New York Luther Day Mass Meeting at Asbury Park, N. J., on July 12, we boarded the chartered *Luetzow*.

"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth. The floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. Praise the Lord, ye dragons and all deeps." Pss. 29:3; 93:4; 148:7.

I saw the flying fish but not the whale, being on the wrong side of the boat.

The Order of Service for the Fifth Sunday after Trinity:

Orchestra of the *Luetzow* — Niederlaendisches Dankgebet

Hymn — "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty"

Quartet — "Just As I Am"

Hymn — "Salvation unto Us has Come"

The Sermon by Dr. Dallmann from 1 Cor. 1:22-24

Solo — "The Good Shepherd"

Offering

Hymn — "Now Thank We All Our God"

Quartet — "Savior, I Follow On"

Benediction

Captain Winter, with all his U-boat medals on his chest, was a devout worshiper.

The congregation asked for the sermon in print.

How spend the offering? I suggested a wreath on Luther's grave. Carried unanimously and enthusiastically.

ENGLAND

The Emerald Isle and an Irish jig. So this is London! My first sight — our Missouri church in Tottenham.

"Luther Translating the Bible," Ward's \$15,000 painting in the place of honor in the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Tower with the real beefeaters, where Henry VIII chopped off the head of Anne Boleyn, the first English Lutheran queen, in 1536, and the head of Thomas Cromwell, the first English Lutheran statesman, on July 28, 1540.

We laid a wreath at the statue of William Tyndale, who got out *Luther's New Testament in English* and was burned in 1536.

Through Billingsgate, with Shakespeare's "very ancient and fishlike smell," to St. Magnus Church near London Bridge, where we laid a wreath on the grave of Miles Coverdale, who got out the first complete modern English Bible with the help of Luther's Bible and the first English hymnal, a translation of forty-one Lutheran hymns with the Lutheran tunes.

Smithfield, where many Lutherans were burned; for instance, on July 30, 1540, Dr. Robert Barnes, Luther's friend and guest; Robert Garret, "a forward and busy Lutheran"; and William Jerome, "a detestable heretic." Holy ground.

For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

Lambeth Palace, where Archbishop Cranmer presided at a conference from May to October, 1538. On the one side Superintendent Friedrich Myconius of Gotha, Vice-Chancellor Franz Burkhardt of Saxony, Georg von Boyneburg of Hessen and with them the precocious, pre-eminent poetic professor Johann Stigelius of Wittenberg, and "that black Englishman," as Luther called his friend and guest, Dr. Robert Barnes, "the king's chaplain and professor of theology." On "the King's Grace's party the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Chichester [Sampson], Dr. Wilson, and three other doctors," and "the learnedest prince of Europe" often joined in the discussion on the Augsburg Confession, to have union with the Lutherans, which was hindered by the King.

Windsor, where German Lutheran services were held from George I to the death of Queen Victoria.

The British Museum, where Dr. Lenker found above 3,000 books on Luther, more than on any other save one, says Preserved Smith of Cornell.

Westminster Abbey, the Chapel of Henry VII; a service in St. Paul's Cathedral; a division in the Commons; Buckingham Palace; the Art Gallery; Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop; a toast to Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and James Boswell.

Warwick Castle, home of the "King Maker," now owned by a Socialist.

Stratford-on-Avon, the grave of Shakespeare, whose Hamlet had studied at Wittenberg, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, where Will had wooed Anne, and where now another couple cooed, "still amorous and fond and billing," as Samuel Butler has it.

Oxford with its most velvety lawns.

John Wiclif's Balliol College.

In Queen's College we were very kindly shown the "Goostly Psalmes and Spirituall Songes drawn out of the holy Scripture, for the comforte and consolacyon of such as loue to reioyse in God and his worde. Imprinted by me Johan Gough."

This quarto is the first English hymnal, a Lutheran one. Miles Coverdale translated forty-one Lutheran hymns and printed them with the original Lutheran tunes. With this book Coverdale would get people to "thrust under borde all other ballettes of fylthynes" and "in godly sportes to passe theyr tyme."

On July 8, 1546, this book, with others, was forbidden to be imported, bought, sold, or kept.

The Rev. H. Leigh Bennett, prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral, says: "The English hymn-singing at the Reformation was the echo of that which roused the enthusiasm of Germany under Luther."

Charles Harold Herford puts this book "among the most sincere and laborious monuments to Luther in the English language." This is the only copy to escape the destruction under Bloody Mary, and so "unfortunately" its influence died away, as Herford and Bennett lament.

Prof. Waldo S. Pratt of Hartford Seminary writes: "All this affluence and beauty of verse are in signal contrast with the flat and monotonous practices into which English psalmody settled a decade or two later. It is a lasting pity that English usage derived nothing from the German at this time."

I revered this genuine relic of a real saint and thanked God for his heroic life.

Pope Clement VII gave leave to the most magnificent Cardinal Wolsey to suppress some corrupt cloisters to build the magnificent Cardinal College, now Christchurch, to fight the oncoming Lutheranism.

For teachers Dr. Robert Shorton of Cambridge selected a colony of the German Lutherans of Cambridge, the first English Lutheran theological seminary. Some of them came on November 5, 1526, and formed the second English Lutheran theological seminary at Oxford, "all of them being violent Lutherans," says Anthony Wood.

"Lutheranism increased daily. . . . The chiefest Lutheran at this time was John Clark. . . . They prayed together and read certain books containing the principles of Luther. . . . At Clark's suggestion Thomas Garret, a fellow of Magdalen, curate of All Hallows Church [in Honey Lane] and a member of the Christian Brothers, at Easter, 1527, came to Oxford and sought out all such students as were given to Greek, Hebrew, and the polite Latin. At Christmas he returned with the forbidden New Testament and Lutheran books. . . . He corrupted the prior of Reading, selling him more than sixty books."

Of course, the thing leaked out. Some were ejected, others severely punished. "Nay, some also were so obstinate as to dye in prison, and frye at the stake, rather than to recede. . . . John Clark was cast into a prison with others where the salt fish lay, through the stink whereof the most part of them were infected; and the said Clark, being a tender young man, died in the same prison. . . . Eating nothing but salt fish from the beginning of March to the middle of August, four of them died within a week." Another died "half starved with cold and the lack of food."

Three others were burned at Windsor. "Yet the Lutherans proceeded and took all private occasions to promote their doctrine." Thus the proud Cardinal spread "the hellish Lutheran heresy." Even the vicious Dr. Loudon wrote Archbishop Warham: "I am marvellous sorry for these youths, for surely they be of the most towardly young men in Oxford . . . much to blame for reading any part of these works" — New Testament and Luther's works.

George Macaulay Trevelyan writes these Lutherans were called Germans, "but they were the makers of the new England."

And the Martyrs' Monument, to Archbishop Cranmer and Bishops Latimer and Ridley.

Holy ground.

They say the English are reserved and cold; I found them the most good-humored, warmhearted, genial, heartily helpful people I ever met. On leaving a big publisher, I asked for a newsstand, and the busy man insisted on going with me a number of blocks to Smith, Elder & Co. I boarded a streetcar and had only American money, which the conductor could not take. I wanted to get off, but he insisted I stay on. Match that in the good old U. S. A.!

And the big, burly Bobbies? *They* are "The Finest."

Why do the English drink tea? A sweet little lady knows the answer: "Because they cannot make coffee."

HOLLAND

In Holland a certain lady had bushels of fun without cost — she could read all the signs!

Carnegie Peace Palace. "It might have been." Now a hollow mockery.

BELGIUM

Catholic Belgium did not look as neat and trim as Protestant Holland.

Vilvorde, the frowning prison where William Tyndale was burned in October, 1536. Why? For the crime of putting out "Luther's New Testament in English."

Brussels, wonderfully carved palaces around the Market where Heinrich Voes and Johann van Esch were burned on July 1, 1523. Why? Because they were Lutherans, the first Lutheran martyrs.

The shock pressed tears from Luther's eyes, and from his heart "A Song of Two Christian Martyrs burnt at Brussels by the Sophists of Louvain." John Wesley based on it his "Give to the Winds Thy Fears."

FRANCE

"Lafayette, we are here!" The Bastille, wrecked by Lafayette, who sent the key to George Washington. The Sorbonne, where Luther was admired but at last condemned. The church struck by "Big Bertha," about eighty miles away. The finest stained-glass work in La Sainte Chapelle. The Tomb of Napoleon, and near it Rodin's statue "The Thinker," which makes one a thinker. The Louvre. — "Oh, here is Pastor Dallmann!" — near neighbors we never see in Milwaukee we see in Paris.

The splendors of Versailles, but not Wilson's Fourteen Points. The wise men of the world — "What fools these mortals be!"

SWITZERLAND

Mount Pilatus usually carries his head high among the clouds, and visitors often have to wait days on end before getting a view. We sent him a wireless we were from Mil-

waukee and had no time to waste. Presto! he blew away the clouds and graciously granted us a magnificent view while we sipped our breakfast coffee on the veranda.

The saga of William Tell, an old straight shooter.

Up the Rigi. A sea of frozen billows! Words too puny for stammering the stupendous grandeur the Creator spread before our dazzled eyes. "Before the mountains were brought forth . . . even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art, God." Ps. 90:2. "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." Is. 54:10.

There lies Constance, where the great Council for four long years could not reform the utterly corrupt Papacy, but condemned Wiclif and burned John Hus and Jerome of Prague.

GERMANY

Eisleben — "And thou Eisleben art not the least among the cities of Germany, for out of thee shall come to my spiritual Israel a knight and the last prophet. The Eislebian Knight." Micah 5:2; Matt. 2:6. So said Martin Rinkart, who wrote the hymn we love to sing: "Now Thank We All Our God."

Luther was born on November 10, 1483, and we join Poet-laureate Robert Southey: "Blessed be the day of Martin Luther's birth! It should be a festival second only to that of the nativity of Jesus Christ." As we stood in that room, we thought with Carlyle of another One born in a stable at Bethlehem.

The church in which the mighty man preached his last

sermons. The house in which he wrote his last cheering letters to his Kate and with his last breath said a clear "Yes" and in which he died in the faith he had preached.

The official guide led us to the font where Luther was baptized and said "That was done on November 10." "Don't you mean the 11th, St. Martin's Day, and hence the name?" "No, no, no! We have here a tradition of four hundred years; it was on the 10th." After some time he came back and said: "I must have been all confused." This time I fully agreed with the official guide. But think of it, in Eisleben!

Eisenach — the traditional Cotta House, where the boy singing for bread found a home. The choir to which Luther belonged is still there and, dressed as Luther was dressed, sang songs Luther had sung, and sang, oh, so grippingly, they trilled and thrilled.

The Wartburg, the storied and picturesque castle where Luther did the miracle of Germanizing the Greek Testament in a short time — "the holiest spot in the world for a modern man," declares Carlyle. Here I preached the teaching of this New Testament. The custodian, Captain von Cranach, descended from Lucas, the painter of Luther, kindly presented me with a picture of Luther.

Heidelberg, old, romantic Heidelberg! Please show me the place where Luther debated.

"Luther was never in Heidelberg."

On recovering enough breath, I replied: "Luther defended his teaching before the university professors in the Augustinian cloister on April 25, 1518."

"Luther was never in Heidelberg." And that was that —

in Heidelberg — from a guide! Against stupidity even the gods fight in vain.

Augsburg, the burg of the mighty Caesar Augustus, where the very luxurious Cardinal Cajetan in the palace of billionaire Fugger would not let Luther with the “deep eyes and peculiar ideas in his head” defend his teaching in 1518. We dined in the same palace.

On June 25, 1530, the Lutheran laymen made Kaiser Karl and the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation listen from four to six to the reading of Luther’s teaching in the historic Augsburg Confession.

Here I preached the teaching of this Confession.

Fugger built houses for the poor. His billions were lost in a crash: his houses have been doing good for four hundred years. “What I kept, I lost; what I gave, I kept.” Worth thinking about?

Frankfurt. Wolf Parente’s inn at the Sign of the Ostrich, where Luther put up on April 14, 1521, on his way to the Reichstag at Worms. Here the damned heretic played the lute, and Cochlaeus sneered at “the Orpheus in cowl and tonsure.” The aged widow of Gilbert von Holtzhausen sent him two measures of malmsey, which gave his enemies an opportunity to be properly horrified at the drunkard!

Here Karl V at nineteen in 1519 with much money bribed the Electors to elect him Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation. Here is the historic Roemer with the portraits of the many kaisers crowned in this ancient city.

Here they gave us a reception, and the speaker said, “After the World War we had about lost all faith in God

and mankind when you American Lutherans revived it by the generous help you sent over in our dire distress." A touching speech.

Leipzig. A beeline to our mission. To the great library — are we seeing things? Yes, there it is — on the honor roll of munificent donors the name of Dr. W. H. T. Dau of St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The Pauliner Church, where the disgraced and broken Tetzl died, whom Greatheart Luther comforted with a kind letter.

The historic debate with John Eck on July 4, 1519, in which Luther placed the Bible above the Council and thus became a Lutheran, "a heathen man and a publican." Here the lone monk triumphed over his bitter ducal enemy, the bearded George, by preaching in St. Thomas Church and thereby introducing the Reformation in the enemy's country.

We laid a large wreath on the grave of Johann Sebastian Bach, the titanic master of melody, "the Musicians' Musician."

The famous Leipzig Quartet, which we had met in New York years ago, entertained us with a special song fest, and the enthusiastic leader imprinted a resounding kiss upon my blushing cheek.

Erfurt — "Martinus Ludher ex Mansfelt," wrote the prexy of Germany's most famous university in 1501 when the newcomer was eighteen. The next year he was a bachelor of philosophy and lectured on Aristotle. In 1505 he was a master of arts and was honored with special celebrations, torchlight processions, horseback parades, and banquets. In his old age he still had a young heart and wistfully looked

back to the good old times: "I hold that there is no joy pertaining to this world and on this side of the grave that can compare with it."

The sporty law student sported a sword, of course, and the jovial fellow was dubbed "Philosopher" and "Musician" — very significant.



At Worms, 1927

On July 2 he was felled by a bolt of lightning — "Help, dear Saint Anna, and I'll turn monk!" And monk he turned. We visited his Augustinian cloister and the Cathedral where he in 1507 became a priest and said mass.

Worms — reception by the city and church dignitaries and a lusty brass band which accompanied us with sweet music all the day.

To the site of the magnificent palace of the bishop, where Luther on April 18, 1521, before the most important Reichstag of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation made the world's most important speech, in the opinion of Arthur Brisbane, editor of the Hearst papers, no mean judge of such matters.

The lone monk, damned by the god on earth and about to be banned by the greatest ruler of the world, defied the world; not defiantly, but humbly, he simply could not do otherwise, his conscience was bound in God's Word.

"The finest monument in modern Europe" Bishop Phillips Brooks of Boston rates Rietschel's monument of Luther towering far above the other men of the age. With this grand backdrop I preached to all Worms and his family gathered here, preached after four hundred years what Luther preached, preached because my conscience, too, is bound in God's Word.

A priest courteously guided us through the venerable cathedral where on May 26, 1521, the kaiser signed Alean-der's blood-curdling Edict of Worms, which calls Luther "the devil in a monk's cowl," who taught riot, schism, war, murder, robbery, infidelity, and a lawless, bestial life; all the old damned heresies he had gathered into one stinking cesspool and added some new ones.

On pain of severest punishment everybody was bidden not to house, shelter, feed, water, or in any way help the heretic, but rather take and deliver him to the kaiser. His followers were to be arrested and to forfeit all their goods.

The kaiser signed this most fateful state paper laughingly — the lad was barely twenty-one. "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." Eccl. 10:16.

The maker of the most famous patent leather spent a fortune on a collection of Lutherana, which was graciously opened to us.

A good fish dinner. In a park on the banks of the storied Rhine coffee and Gebaeck — cookies, to you — cookies as only Germans can bake Gebaeck.

With apologies to Alexander Pope —

At night Worms held sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

Welcomed with music and speeded with music — the end of a perfect day.

Mainz — the palace of Elector-Cardinal-Archbishop-Bishop Albrecht, who hired Tetzl to peddle indulgences to swindle the trustful out of their money to pay his huge debts to Pope Leo X for his illegal favors and thus brought on the Reformation.

A trip down the scenic Rhine. A pain in the neck turning quickly right and left to see the fleeting show of historic sights. We thought we had caught a glimpse of the glamorous Lorelei combing her golden hair with a golden comb in the golden sun.

Down to prose. A porky priest ordered meat. But this is Friday! "I spit on that!" A good trencherman, he wolfed his meat.

Koeln — the cathedral, perhaps the world's finest church, built to house the bones of the Three Kings of the East come to worship the newborn King of the Jews. For 25 cents a priest showed us three gem-encrusted reliquaries and said with very great caution: "Tradition says they hold the bones of the Three Wise Men." He did not commit himself.

I climbed one of the towers and the view made me forget my aching muscles. In the art gallery the ever lovely Queen Louise and Lenbach's Leo XIII with the piercing eyes.

In the afternoon half of the men drinking — coffee; yes, coffee, not beer; and so in other German cities.

"Small, old, ugly, low, wooden cottages; more like an old dorp than a city" in a flat, dreary, sandy, and stony waste — that was Wittenberg in the friendly eyes of Frederick Myconius. In 1513 it had but 3,000 people and 356 taxed houses. The Augustinian cloister was only two thirds finished. Luther came here and in 1512 got his degree of Doctor of the Bible. "When I was made Doctor, I did not yet know the light." He got to know the light from Rom. 1:16, 17 and then wrote his world-reforming works. The study is gone, but here we see the room in which he lectured to his students. Here is the living room with the same deal floor and the same walls and ceiling as in the days when Luther played the lute and sang with his family and friends and had the world's most famous table talk and played host to countless persecuted Lutherans from all parts of Europe. Here he founded the Lutheran parsonage, the Protestant parsonage the world over for four hundred years. Here is the little wooden bench by the window on which he sat with Kate and looked upon the garden below. The occupants of a Lutheran parsonage in faraway Milwaukee sat on the same bench and looked upon the same garden — after four hundred years!

What's this? We rub our eyes. Yes, in a prominent place Luther's complete works printed in our Concordia Publishing House in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Near-by the spot where Luther on Dec. 10, 1520, built the world's greatest bonfire, burning the Pope's bull of June 15 and, what is vastly more important, the Decretals, the Canon Law, the highest law in all Christendom for a thousand years. After four hundred years we still see and feel the glow of that historic fire.

The stately house the Elector built for Philip Melancthon, A. M.

The large corner house of Lucas Mueller of Cranach, who did the portraits of Luther and Kate and Melancthon and many others.

The City Hall, the place of Luther's wedding reception.

The Market, where thrifty Kate did her shopping.

St. Mary's, the city church of Pastor John Bugenhagen, where Luther often preached and in 1522 quelled the riot of the fanatics in eight sermons. The pastor of the church several times spoke of only seven sermons — in Wittenberg!

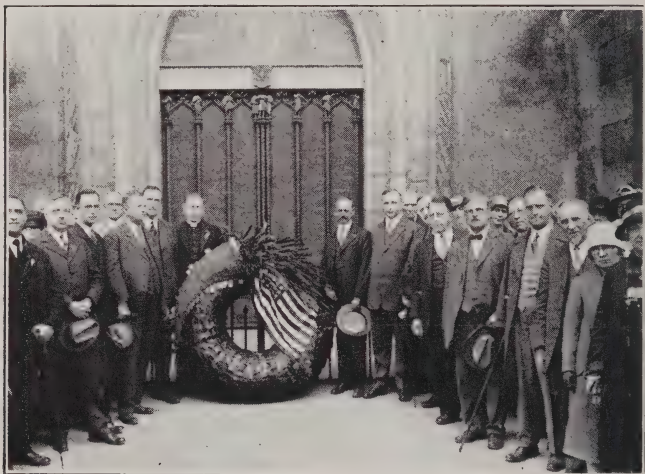
The Church of All Saints, the Castle Church, where Luther on October 31, 1517, posted his Ninety-five Theses and thereby started the Reformation, "The Age of Luther."

We laid a large wreath on Luther's grave, and then I preached in German and in English from Luther's pulpit over Luther's grave. I in Luther's pulpit! "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step," said Napoleon. Right you are, Little Corporal. Yet, after four hundred years I was preaching the same teaching. On second thought that may also be just a bit sublime.

"That was a powerful sermon!" exclaimed Superintendent Kramer. "Would you preach that in my church?" "With the greatest of pleasure, if it can be done without unionism.

You see, I am from Missouri." "That we can arrange easily enough."

I complained about the wretched English version of "A Mighty Fortress" which we had to sing. He didn't know of any other. I told him of our hymnal. "Would you stift



At Luther's Grave

me one?" I would stift him one. In plain English, he wanted a complimentary copy. He got it.

Someone asked for my sermon. What for? To send it to — *Die Abendschule* in St. Louis, Mo.!

The English historian Green says after Luther had come to Wittenberg "the little town had suddenly become the sacred city of the Reformation." Why? The Reformed Abraham Scultetus says in his *Annals*: "From Wittenberg,

as heretofore from Jerusalem, the light of Gospel truth had spread to the uttermost parts of the earth."

Giordano Bruno lectured here and called Luther the Hercules who had conquered the hydra of the Papacy, called Wittenberg the Athens of the world, called Germany the land of light and leading for the world. The Vicar of Christ, Clement VIII, burned the heretic at Rome on February 17, 1600.

The Rev. Dr. H. Koch, a former Milwaukeean, came to receive us and conduct us to Berlin. A very pleasant evening with my old college mate, Dr. Mezger, and many others at the theological seminary at beautiful Zehlendorf. Prof. P. Peters is now at the seminary at Thiensville, and Dr. Koch pastor at Manitowoc, Wis.

Worshiped with Pastors Schlottmann and Koch. Very kindly entertained by Dr. P. Heylandt, treasurer of our Free Church.

I attended the funeral of Pastor Woehling in Uelzen.

The Luther Monument. Kaulbach's "Age of the Reformation."

Our guide had never heard of Paul Gerhardt's church! He made some studies and later guided us to the church of the sturdy Lutheran confessor and the sweet singer of hymns we love to sing today in America.

Charlottenburg, Potsdam.

While waiting for the guide to the Dom, I said to a gentleman: "You look like Uncle Sam." "Yes, my name is Blank." "From the Bronx?" "Yes, what's yours?" "Dallmann." "The historian?" Here we met in Berlin who had never met in New York, though we had lived there for years.

We met a young man who talked like an American. "Where are you from?" "From a city near Chicago." "So are we, what city?" "Milwaukee." "So are we." "Do you know Rev. Harry Olsen?" "Yes, a very close friend." "He confirmed me. Do you know Blank?" "He's a member of my church."

I left Stargard when only over five and never was back in Germany till now. It was easy for people to say, You are from North Germany; a news girl in the hotel, however, said promptly and confidently: "You are from Stargard, you talk just like my mother." After about sixty years! Uncanny.

President Hindenburg wrote me he regretted not being able to receive us, he would be away on his vacation, but his representative would do so. When the others went to the reception I went to the State Library. There I found my book *Jesus*. "How did you get it, was it given to you?" "No, no, no! We bought it; we buy many good American books." A deep bow to the author.

No American card index, big books with written titles, some poorly written. At last I found my titles —

J. Ellendorf, *Was Peter in Rome?* Darmstadt, Leske, 1841.

Dr. Binterim Vapulans, *Revision of the Question, Was Peter in Rome?* 1843. His reply to his critics.

I had to buy a slip of paper on which to write the titles. I presented the slip.

"Very well, maybe tomorrow."

"But tomorrow I want to be on my way to Milwaukee."

The man kindly made a special effort and brought the

two rare pamphlets for which I had been looking for many years.

Ellendorf was a Catholic Doctor of Philosophy and also of Law who proved there is no proof Peter was ever in Rome.

To Bochum — Talle in the Ruhr Valley, where a sad chapter of our church history was written. We sometimes think: They have Luther and the Symbolical Books; if they believe not Luther and the Symbolical Books, neither will they believe if someone comes from America.

To Bremen and a visit with Pastor Kemner.

All aboard! Westward Ho!

HOME!

Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty — good for sore eyes. J. Howard Payne sang truth:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

"Pastor, you look ten years younger!"

"We didn't worry while you were away; your son Bertram held the fort very well."

As noted before, I used books in the State Library at Berlin. "And thereby hangs a tale," as Will Shakespeare used to say; and an ugly one. A detective blitzed into my study with a demand for the valuable books I had taken from the library in Berlin.

A fine kettle of fish for a pastor! Whom would the world believe? Luckily for me a few days later came an apology from the librarian in Berlin — they had found the lost books. Had they not been found, had I not been under a cloud for life?

HURT ON DUTY

Heavy sleet all February 9, 1938. About to go to bed at 11:30. Phone: "Will you come to a dying woman, not a member?" I managed to get there. The gutter was a little raging river. I stepped into the water, on ice, hit the curb, broke a leg near the hip, was ambulated to the Milwaukee Hospital, had both legs dressed in a pair of plaster cast trousers.

Four doctors with their combined Asclepian pharmacopoeias could not get me down to send me into the arms of Morpheus in the Land of Nod. A wide-awake chap! At last one exploded in desperation: "Pastor, there is nothing wrong with your body; you must have a bad conscience." Peradventure he had something there.

The ministering angel nurses nursed me with such loving care that I promised them I would never pass a hospital without doffing my hat.

FAREWELL!

I could preach, but not get about to do my pastoral work. Not far from eighty — "Eventually, why not now?" Now! I insisted on leaving Milwaukee for the good of all.

They gave me an engrossed testimonial. Conference held a farewell service and gave me an engrossed testimonial.

On June 30, 1940, I preached my farewell in the morning, installed my successor in the evening, and limped out of the ministry on a broken leg, a pension, and also free rent if I chose to come back and live among my old members.

In Oak Park

ON July 5, 1940, I moved to Oak Park, Ill. In due time I again slipped on the ice and splintered my left wrist and quite impartially broke my left leg near the hip — glad I'm not a centipede. The bonologist nailed the bones together with three long nails.

The bulk of my library had to be left in my study in Milwaukee, and only a small part could be taken along, and I say with Poet Laureate Robert Southey:

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

But aren't these "dead" the only ones really alive?

My Bible, in which God by His inspired penmen speaks to me as often and as long as I lend Him my ear.

My Hymnal, the world's finest spiritual anthology, where I can hear the sweetest singers of all ages and climes pour out their lyric souls in a grand chorus of hearty praise to the Savior.

Kittel's monumental Dictionary of the Greek New Testament beyond my praise.

The Realencyklopaedie, a vast hive of sweetest honey garnered for me by swarms of expert busy bees.

A Bible work, where the best minds have gathered the best thoughts of the best minds on every verse of the Bible.

Martin Luther, the profoundest theologian since St. Paul, whose works are printed every century.

Dr. Walther, the American Luther, and many, many more.

Old Euripides remarked: "Every man is like the company he keeps." But must we not often keep company we do not like? It may be safer to say, "A man is known by the books he reads."

Perhaps still better is the remark of the imperial Marcus Aurelius: "The true worth of a man is to be measured by the objects he pursues."

Yet I must confess with George Crabbe:

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not always craving for their food.

And so there is time to think of other things.

In earlier years I was often served a dish of razzberries.

"You English have no word for 'Gemuet,' because you have not the thing." That was handed out with a Tabasco sauce of scorn as if I were personally to blame.

"You English are by nature Reformed. Why, your very language is full of 'do — do — do.' We Germans are not so."

Is there not a Tertullian snake lurking in the bosom of that theologian? The German soul naturally Christian!

"Brought up as you were, how could you marry a Catholic?"

"When a girl is in love, she'll do anything. I paid for it."

A man staid away from church — “to make the pastor sweat running after me.”

“What do I care for Matthew 18!”

“I know I’ll go to hell for it, but I’m going to do it!”

Called to a sick child. The doctor applied his instrument and said: “The child is dead.” He stayed for some time, again used his instrument, again said positively: “The child is dead,” and left.

I prayed. The child lived.

“The board of directors hires a president and fires him if he does not make good. In the same way a pastor is hired and fired.” He left and later killed himself.

The treasurer was at every service. He urged every one to pay the dues. He was found out. He left. He killed himself.

“No use talking to me. My mother on her deathbed made me promise I would never go to church.”

“I don’t like your pastor; he talks as if we were all sinners.”

“Well, is that not the truth?”

“Yes, but he has no business to say it.”

“There is no God: my mother died of cancer.”

“Why cannot I worship Christ in the Lutheran church on Sunday and a Christless god in the lodge during the week?”

“I don’t like my Methodist church. I like the Catholic church because they have such nice card parties.”

"Your pastor doesn't tell you how to vote? Our priest tells us."

"You have no purgatory? Where do you get your money?"

"I wanted a job but did not know the mayor. So I went to my alderman, and he went to the mayor and got the job for me. That is the way with the saints; I pray to them, and they go to Christ and get me what I want."

"We had no baby. We went to a Catholic church and prayed to a saint. We had a baby, and we joined the Catholic church."

"I would take it for an honor if my priest would ask me for a night."

While we were making the welkin ring with the shouts of democracy, there arose the most autocratic Christian Science and the very militaristic Salvation Army.

I have heard that remarkable shoe clerk Dwight L. Moody, whose work is still going on in the Moody Institute and in the Moody Church, whose Pastor Ironside said on March 26, 1944, "We all stem from the Reformation, and so we are all Lutherans."

Telephone; telegraph; cable; electric light, heat, and power; auto; U-boat; plane; Roentgen ray; gastroscope; radio; radar; television; technicolor; the dailies with pictures of yesterday from all over the world; vitamins; sulfa; penicillin.

The savages of civilization in global slaughter orgies. The kaisers of Russia, Austria, and Germany blown away as chaff in a tornado.

The Depression — which all the brains and all the billions could not end.

Edward VIII stepping down from the splendid throne of Great Britain for a twice-divorced American.

The grandson of Kaiser William II eating his bread in the sweat of his own brow working for Ford in Detroit.

The rise from nowhere of Stalin and Mussolini and the dizzy heights of the meteoric Hitler.

The shambles of World War II. The debacle of France and Dunkirk for England.

The collapse of Mussolini

a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.

The spectacular Roosevelt, the Fourth Termer.

“All the world’s a stage,” says Shakespeare, and Horace Walpole rates it “a comedy for those that think, a tragedy to those who feel.”

What are we to do after the war?

Just what we’ve been doing before the war.

The world needs better men and women. The Savior says: “Ye must be born again.” John 3:7, 5, 3. We are born again by the word of God. 1 Pet. 1:23. This word of God is: “Christ died for our sins,” “the just instead of the unjust.” “This is the Gospel by which ye are saved.” 1 Cor. 15:2, 3; 1 Pet. 3:18. And we are quite sure of success, for unto them which are called Christ crucified will be “the power of God and the wisdom of God.” 1 Cor. 1:24.

I am still an automobile; though there is a pain in every

step, a little thing like that does not keep me “cabin’d, cribb’d, confined, bound into” my cell. I hobble to the Art Institute, the Museums, the Newberry Library, the University Library, the Chicago Library.

Speaking of libraries, the library of old Pastor Martin Stephan was given to me, and I gave it to our St. Louis Seminary. “Books have their fates.”

To Baltimore on April 15, 1942, for the fiftieth anniversary of one of my missions, Jackson Square, now Church of Our Savior — “Why a Lutheran Church?”

To New York, Union Seminary, to study the very rare *Luther in England* — stowed away in the bombproof vault. But friendly Librarian William Walker Rockwell searched a whole afternoon and the next morning and came up with a reprint in a magazine when Prince Albert married Queen Victoria. In addition he took me to lunch and introduced me to Reinhold Niebuhr and others.

To Washington, D. C., to preach at the fiftieth anniversary of another of my missions, Christ Church, on April 26. 1 Pet. 3:15, 16.

To Springfield, Ill., to speak at the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. H. B. Hemmeter, whom I had ordained and installed at Baltimore.

To Fair Oaks, Calif. Preached several times.

To Chicago, to preach at the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. H. B. Hemmeter, the twenty-fifth anniversary of B. H. Hemmeter, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Mount Olive Church.

Zion Church at 19th and Peoria — I saw it go up in 1868, I was confirmed in it, I preached at the fiftieth anniversary

on October 13, 1918, and at the seventy-fifth anniversary on October 17, 1943. Unique?

I often preach for my English, German, Norwegian, and Slovak brethren; sometimes three times in one morning, German as well as English.

I enjoy myself lecturing at ladies' aids, men's clubs, Bible classes, conferences, student pastors' convention, pastors' institutes, Luther Institute, Teachers College, Theological Seminary at Thiensville, Wis. I agree with Bishop Cumberland: "Better wear out than rust out," and I do not feel any wear out — as yet.

Kate Luther appeared in *The Walther League Messenger* and on request in book form in 1941.

Preserved Smith of Cornell University: "I am delighted to hear that you are planning to give us a portrait of Kate Luther and wish you all success."

William Walker Rockwell of Union Seminary: "Learned yet lively . . . very interesting. I hope it will have a wide circulation."

Lutheran Witness: "An unusual biography of a most unusual person. . . . Dr. Dallmann has turned his verbal candid camera on the Luther household and assembled an album of angle shots that make up a thriller. It is romance in choral-like quality."

Short Stories by Jesus came out in 1943 and at once was put into Braille.

Dr. Dau: "Cordially appreciate your *Short Stories*, which I have begun reading with delight."

Der Lutheraner: "The tireless author always wins a new

view and does it in his known manner, which is gladly read."

School Journal: "Their import emblazoned in neon lighting."

The Lutheran: "Anyone, from about twelve years upward, could make profitable use of the book."

Washington the Christian — chaplains reported it was liked by our boys in World War I, and so our Army and Navy Commission in 1944 reprinted it for our boys in World War II.

Abraham Lincoln has also been reprinted from *Great Religious Americans* for our servicemen by the same Commission.

The bitterest Romanists admit Luther had his good points but the Protestant "Gloomy Dean" Inge of St. Paul's in London made a savage attack on the Reformer in which there was not one redeeming feature, printed in the Episcopalian *Churchman*. I wrote a reply while working on *Lies About Luther, Refuted by Candid Catholics*.

Another matter in hand is: *Luther: A Blessing to the English*.

Still another: *Was Luther Needed? A Study in the Renaissance*.

And finally: *Luther, the Miracle Among Men — Melancthon, God's Wonderman — Myconius*.

Cecil Rhodes sighed: "So little done: so much to do."

On my eighty-second birthday came many kind words, which made me bow my head in shame, for I know my frame, I remember that I am dust. Ps. 103:14. What poor laborers we are in the Lord's vineyard! We needs must

pray: "Build Thou the walls of Jerusalem." Ps. 51:18. We needs must confess: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build." Ps. 127:1. "His strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor. 12:9. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory."

George Crabbe said it for me:

Time has touched me gently in his race,
And left no odious furrows in my face.

Fourscore years and two — and never sick a single day!
I seem to have Pope's

A green old age, unconscious of decays.

"I am a wonder unto many." Ps. 90:10; 91:16; 71:7; 16:5;
Is. 40:31. Oh, that I had a thousand voices
To praise my God with thousand tongues!

"I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant." Gen. 32:10. For I know "the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." Gen. 8:21. I know "out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." Matt. 15:19. "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing. . . . O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death." I fear when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. Rom. 7:18, 24; 1 Cor. 9:27.

Christ must class me with His disciples: "O ye of little faith. . . . O faithless and perverse generation." Matt. 16:8; 17:17, 20. And so I must needs pray: "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief," Mark 9:24, and the Apostles' prayer: "Lord, increase our faith," Luke 17:5.

"Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not

when my strength faileth. When I am old and grayheaded, O Lord, forsake me not." Ps. 71; 9:18; 39:4; Gen. 49:18.

My only comfort: "Christ died for us, the Righteous instead of the unrighteous, that He might bring us to God."

1 Pet. 3:18. When my last hour is close at hand,

Lord Jesus Christ, attend me;
Beside me then, O Savior, stand,
To comfort and defend me.
Into Thy hands I will commend
My soul at this my earthly end,
And Thou wilt keep it safely.

My sins, dear Lord, disturb me sore,

My conscience cannot slumber;
But though as sands upon the shore
My sins may be in number,
I will not quail, but think of Thee;
Thy death, Thy sorrow, borne for me,
Thy suffering, shall uphold me.

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